

NETTERS WIN BIG

Bearcats volleyball team stomps Washburn's Lady Blues, 3-0.

Sports, page 5



LIVING ON THE EDGE

Experience the excitement of rock climbing, rappelling and skydiving through personal experiences of students.

Features, page 7



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NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

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Commuters see parking as difficulty

Off-campus students must walk due to decrease of lot spaces; more spots will cost thousands

By VANESSA STROPE
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Every morning, students drive around campus parking lots, scanning the rows to catch a glimpse of the white reverse lights of a car in front of them.

After driving around in circles for what seems an eternity, they speed off to find any place close to campus, trying to make it to class on time.

Even after spending \$45 for a parking permit, many students still end up walking several blocks because of lack of commuter parking spots.

"After 10 a.m. it is really hard to find a spot," commuter Dyan Millsaps said. "There are a lot of days I don't find a spot and have to park off campus."

Currently, the University has only 654 parking spots for commuters while 1,408 students have commuter permits, Brian Starkey, Student Services employee, said.

Although commuters are on campus at different times, as many as 754 commuting students could be left without a place to park every day.

At the same time, 1,735 parking spots are designated for residents while 1,556 residents own those permits, Starkey said.

The 2,990 total spots include faculty, commuter, reserved, handicapped and visitor parking.

Some student residents think parking could be better, but some admit they could resort to walking. Not all commuters are in walking distance of campus, so these students must drive.

"People park six blocks away and more," Millsaps said. "Usually, streets all around the campus are parked full."

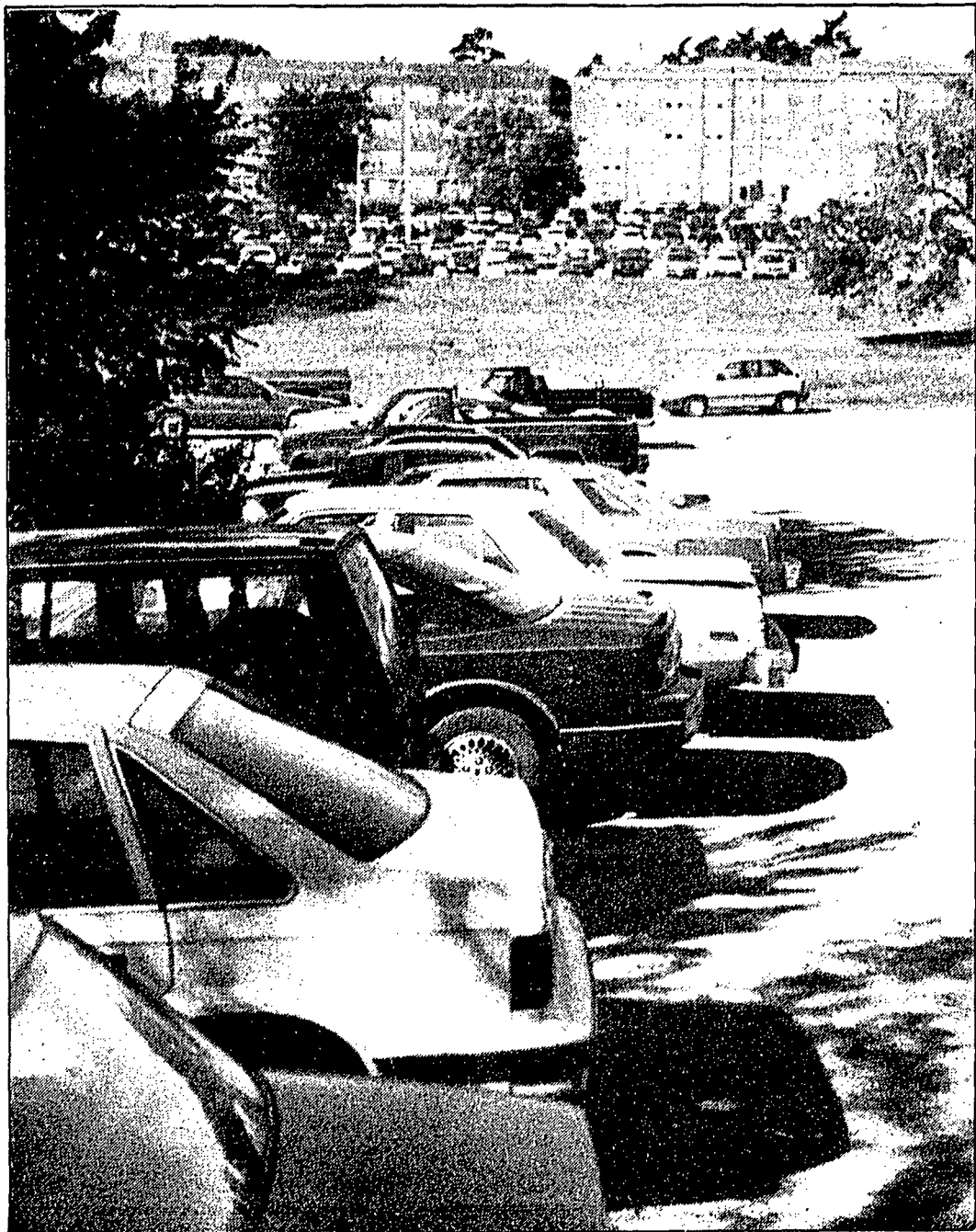
This situation also impacts residents who must now compete with commuters for their spots.

"I don't think we have adequate parking," Millikan resident Cindy McCarl said.

Some think the school could avoid this problem by having a set number of commuter permits available or by building more commuter parking lots.

However, the sale of parking permits is not limited, according to Starkey.

If there were more parking spots, the cost of



CHARICE DOUTHAT/Northwest Missourian

DELTA SIGMA PHI fraternity parking lot on Seventh Street, which had remained relatively empty until this year, has become the home to many commuters' cars during the day.

parking permits would increase, Warren Gose, vice president for Finance, said.

According to Gose, there is not a big problem. He does not believe building new lots is an option because of additions to parking in recent years.

"We take into account that Fifth and Ninth street parking was just built in the last few years," Gose said.

"Also, south and west of the Armory are for all students and Garrett-Strong now has parking which is also new for student parking," he said.

Some students may wonder why the school does not build a high-rise parking garage, but high-rise parking would cost roughly \$10,000 per parking

space in comparison to roughly \$900 to \$1,000 for one spot that is not under cover (the parking garage would be covered), Gose said.

There is no budget for new parking lots, and Gose does not see the need for such a budget.

"We basically take in money from fees of parking permits and admissions, but this is just enough for minimal repairs," he said.

In addition to the issue of new lots, some students raise the question of safety in the lots.

"As we keep receiving new lots and renewing other lots, lights are also being added, so right now they are safe," Roberta Boyd, sergeant of Campus Safety, said.

Requirements remain vague

Student Senate consults election officials to define registration procedures

By CHRIS TRIEBSCH
CHIEF REPORTER

With all the confusion surrounding proper voter registration procedures, Student Senate is taking the word of the highest authority, the Secretary of State's office.

In order for students to register they must be a citizen of the United States, 17 years and six months of age or older and a resident of Missouri.

It is still vague as to what the requirements are for establishing residency. A resident is described as a person whose legal residence is Missouri, according to the Secretary of State's office.

If a person is a legal resident and operates a motor vehicle, that person should have a Missouri driver's license. They would be entitled to purchase a resident and hunting license and would be subject to assessment of real and personal property under Missouri laws.

Senate will have these details posted at the registration booths. The group will also encourage people to change their licenses over to Missouri, adhering to the state law.

"With the intent to become a resident, which is all that is required to

change your residency to Missouri, comes responsibility," Jessica Elgin, Student Senate president, said.

Part of that responsibility is to follow through with that intent. A student needs to show that he or she intends to reside in Missouri.

According to the Maryville License Bureau, a person has 30 days to change their license after becoming a resident.

Senate is planning to distribute leaflets on Family Day. The leaflets have been printed by the Public Relations office. Their concern is registering people to vote, rather than encouraging people to vote against Amendment 7, though the amendment is mentioned in the pamphlet.

The Senate committee working in opposition to the amendment are planning a float for the Homecoming parade. They are asking for someone to let them use a truck and trailer and they plan to attach a sign to it encouraging people to vote against Amendment 7.

"We feel that Homecoming is the most important time to talk to people because a lot of families and a lot of smaller towns don't know about Amendment 7," Brian Marrott, committee chairman, said.

The committee also plans to distribute pamphlets during Homecoming to encourage people to vote against the amendment, as well as the pamphlets encouraging people to register to vote.

Amendment 7 faces threatening lawsuits

By CHRIS TRIEBSCH
CHIEF REPORTER

As voters prepare to cast their vote concerning Amendment 7, the possibility that it may not stay on the Nov. 8 ballot looms in the air.

Two lawsuits were filed against the amendment on Sept. 9. The first lawsuit claims the amendment is unconstitutional while the other lawsuit alleges the gathering of signatures to place the amendment on the ballot was illegal.

The court date for the first lawsuit is Oct. 6. This lawsuit was filed by Tom Davis of Sedalia. It alleges that the amendment deals with 11 different subjects and would illegally amend several sections of the constitution. There is supposed to be a limit of one issue per amendment.

"I am certainly opposed to the idea that Missourians should cast one vote for 11 different things," Davis said. "I feel strongly that we should have one vote for each issue."

Davis, who is a former president of the State Board of Education, said some provisions in the amendment may be workable. But the fact that it contains 11 different subjects is "idiotic."

Davis has been accused, by people in support of Amendment 7, of filing a lawsuit because of his personal opposition to the amendment, rather than believing the amendment is actually unconstitutional.

Davis said he is opposed to the amendment, but he maintains the reason he filed the lawsuit is because he believes that it is unconstitutional.

Peter Herschend of Branson, vice president of the State Board of Educa-

tion and head of the Silver Dollar City theme park, filed the other lawsuit.

This lawsuit questions whether there are enough valid signatures from St. Louis' 1st Congressional District, where Hancock received only 33 more signatures than the minimum required.

If 34 signatures from the first district are found to be invalid, the amendment will be taken off the ballot.

"Some people have criticized me saying I have no right to sue," Herschend said. "My response to that is that it is my constitutional right. If the shoe was reversed, you can rest assure the Hancock people would come after us on the same basis."

This lawsuit will go to court around the middle of October.

Both lawsuits are being backed by the Committee to Protect Missouri's Future, a group opposing Amendment 7.

U.S. Rep. Mel Hancock, R-Mo., author of the amendment, has hired an attorney to intervene in the trials. Whether or not Hancock will attend the trials is not yet known.

Many are wondering if the lawsuits stand a chance in court.

"Anytime a lawsuit is filed, the plaintiff has a chance," Bob Henry, public relations officer, said.

"I don't expect either lawsuit to be upheld. My rationale is that whatever judge handles the lawsuit cannot be oblivious to the fact that the issue is on the Nov. 8 ballot and the people will ultimately decide," he said.

Parents join students for carnival, football

By JULIET MARTIN
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Great food, family and fun are all coming together Saturday for Northwest's annual Family Day.

As of Tuesday, 260 families have registered and an estimated 350 are expected to be Friday, the final day to sign up. Admission for families is \$5.

The festivities begin with an opening ceremony at 10 a.m. in the Mary Linn Performing Arts Center. The ceremony will consist of check-in, a traditional Student Senate welcome, a University Chorus performance and a pep talk by head football coach Mel Tjeersdema before the football game.

Families can head out to the parking lot north of Brown Hall from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. for the carnival.

This is the carnival's second year at Family Day and promises something for everyone.

The festivities include the traditional ring toss, Northwest trivia, guess the weight of the linebacker and baseball fast-pitch, according to Bev Schenkel, Family Day co-coordinator. Some new carnival events, sponsored by Campus Activity Programmers, will be available for families.

Dave Gieseke, Family Day co-coordinator, said CAPs decided last spring to bring in the new events to have something the whole family could enjoy.

"(We wanted) to make it more fun, more festive

and not as stuffy as it has been in the past," Gieseke said.

In case of bad weather, the carnival will be in the Union Ballroom. In the past, picnics were a part of the celebration, but due to the possibility of unpredictable weather, a variety of food booths will offer a wide selection of foods. Aladine cards will not be accepted.

To finish off the day, parents and students can head over to the Bearcat football game at 1:30 p.m. During halftime a drawing for "Family of the Day" will take place. The winning family will be invited to sit in the press box second half and the parents will receive Northwest sweatshirts.

"Family Day is a good opportunity for parents to see what college life is like at Northwest," Doug Martin said.

Family Day is sponsored by the public relations and admissions offices, but student groups are also involved with the day's planning.

"Student ambassadors, Ag groups, RHA and the M-club have all helped out with Saturday's events," John Yates, Family Day co-coordinator, said.

With a good weather forecast and a full schedule of activities, Family Day should be a hit.

"As long as the weather is nice and it doesn't rain, we are looking forward to a fun and festive day for students and their families," Schenkel said.

FAMILY DAY EVENTS

Registration will take place at Mary Linn. Admission is \$5.

10 a.m. - Opening Ceremony
Mary Linn Performing Arts Center

10:30 a.m.-1 p.m.-Family Day Carnival/Picnic
Parking lot north of Brown Hall.

Activities at carnival include a bungee run, the velcro wall, sumo wrestling and Fun Flicks. (In case of bad weather the carnival will take place in the Union Ballroom.)

1:30 p.m. - Football game
Northwest vs. Emporia State at Rickenbrode Stadium

Halftime - Family Day drawing
There will be a drawing for "Family of the Day."



Sarah Weddington is an attorney and an advocate for women's rights.



Phyllis Schlafly is known for her strong efforts behind the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Accomplished speakers debate about women's roles in '90s

By JULIET MARTIN
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Two well-known speakers will engage in a heated debate over the controversial issue of "Women's roles in the '90s."

Sarah Weddington and Phyllis Schlafly, two women with very different political backgrounds, will debate the issue at 7:30 p.m. today in the Mary Linn Performing Arts Center. The debate is free of charge.

Weddington, a well-known attorney and

women's rights advocate, is most famous for her work as the prosecuting attorney in the Roe v. Wade case.

There, the Supreme Court ruled that the U.S. Constitution guarantees women the choice to continue or terminate an unwanted pregnancy.

Schlafly is perhaps best known for her strong efforts behind the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment.

She was described by former President Ronald Reagan as an individual who "has set a high standard for volunteer participation in the politi-

cal process and in communicating ideas through the media."

She is one of the most sought-after speakers on such controversial issues as flag burning, censorship and abortion.

Schlafly maintains her stance on these issues as a syndicated newspaper columnist, radio commentator, radio call-in program host and president of the conservative organization, Eagle Forum.

This debate will cover a topic receiving the majority of attention in the '90s.

"This is a prominent issue for the times," Dave

Gieseke, director of News and Information, said.

"It's one of a two-part distinguished lecture series this year," he said.

Schlafly will have a press conference prior to the debate at 5 p.m. in the University Club North.

At the same time, Weddington will conduct a book signing for her book, "A Question Of Choice," in the Bearcat Bookstore, where copies are on sale before and after the debate.

Weddington's media conference will take place immediately following the debate in the Mary Linn.

OUR VIEW

Pranksters should realize consequences of pulling fire alarms

A problem has alarmed Northwest for some time now.

It seems that a select few individuals believe it is funny to pull fire alarms in residence halls without cause. It has caused an extreme inconvenience to all and cannot be tolerated.

Alarms are pulled an average of once a week, according to Campus Safety Sergeant Roberta Boyd. Campus Safety has arrested one person involved with pulling the alarms. According to Boyd, the cases are sent to state court and people involved are subject to severe fines.

This severe punishment should be enough to deter these pranksters from continuing.

However, a select group of people have decided to disregard the law just so they can play a stupid prank and cause grief and inconvenience for others.

Because some halls have had an abundance of false alarms, some students choose to ignore all alarms.

One cannot blame a student for not leaving the building when an alarm goes off at least once every week and sometimes more.

To make things worse, the current trend among pranksters is to pull alarms in the wee hours of the morning, waking people from their sleep and forcing them to stumble out into the cool air in their sleepwear.

If someone did stay in their room while a fire spreads through the building, something tragic may happen.

Last year in Franken Hall, on a cold wintry Sunday, Nov. 7, a small fire did occur. The alarms went off as they should, but one person admitted she did not leave her room because she thought it was just another false alarm.

Her RA came into her room and noticed she had not left and told her to leave the building and obey the alarm.

Both of them did not know an actual fire was in

progress until they were outside.

Campus Safety is worried about such incidents and the safety of others.

That is why there is a fine for disobeying the fire alarm.

According to Campus Safety, no matter how many times the alarm goes off each week, one should always act in accordance, no matter what the circumstances may be.

Campus Safety has arrested one person this year for not leaving their room.

However, pulling fire alarms must stop. Pranksters are too immature to understand the consequences of their actions and should pay heavily when caught. Hopefully the acts of immaturity will cease soon.

If you know of a person who has been involved in these incidents, report them.

When people are caught, maybe they will stop this foolish behavior.

CAMPUS VOICE

Do you think the University is deserving of the Missouri Quality Award?

"I keep saying I don't understand how we can pay so little. We get the computers, books and everything. I don't understand how it's so much less than other campuses. So, in that way, I think it's great."

Michelle Krambeck

"I don't know anything about the business aspect about how those guys run it, but we get a lot for what we pay. I think they do a great job of being efficient, as far as the billing and stuff."

Dawn Tebbenkamp

"I have a different view than some people because I work in the Registrar's Office and some people think we just always send you away to get your signatures. I think if you understand the system and you listen to what people tell you and not just assume things, it runs pretty efficiently. But I think you have to take the initiative to listen to somebody."

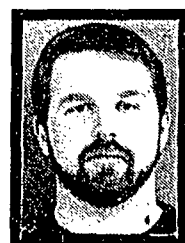
Nicole Scott

"I don't think we should have it. There's more important issues we need to deal with than worry about getting something. They should concentrate on things that are going to affect us now."

Scott Evans

GUEST COLUMN

Amendment 7 proponents simplify issue



Steven Woolfolk

Find it ironic that the man who fancies himself as the savior of the common man is, in reality, bringing about his downfall.

The man I speak of is U.S. Rep. Mel Hancock, and his method of destruction is the proposed Amendment 7 to the Missouri Constitution.

As I read Sam Ferris' column a week ago today, I realized that there seems to be a common theme in the thinking of Hancock's supporters.

They all tend to oversimplify the matter. They go to any extreme to convince the voters of this state that the amendment is nothing more than an attempt to ensure that the citizens of Missouri have the opportunity to vote on tax increases.

In reality, the amendment does much more. First, the amendment virtually rewrites the Missouri Constitution. Section 25(a) of the amendment reads: "In the event of a conflict or inconsistency between the provisions of this constitution, then the provisions of sections 16 through 25 shall control."

The implications of such an addition to the constitution are unthinkable. In a press release issued by Bob Henry, public relations officer, it was estimated that 17 percent of the current constitution would be "changed, repealed or modified" by Amendment 7.

More importantly, however, Amendment 7 carries with it a roll-back feature of sorts. The amendment is retroactive. It offers a refund to tax payers for tax increases Hancock and his supporters say were passed without voter approval.

By now, we have all heard the consequences of the proposed amendment:

- Elementary and secondary education could lose as much as \$332 million.
- Higher education could lose \$206 million.
- Highway programs would suffer losses amounting to about \$134 million.

And we learn more about the adverse side effects of Amendment 7 every day.

• It will cause severe cuts in federal funding, because the state will no longer be able to meet its side of several matching-funds programs.

• The state will be forced to refund countless dollars for its failure to complete matching-funds agreements.

Education will be among the areas hurt worst by the measure. Small schools would crumble under the intense financial pressures.

Tim Gutzmer, superintendent for the Northeast Nodaway School District in Ravenwood, said last week the amendment would cost the district so much that the tax levy would have to be increased to \$7 to make up the difference.

Many small schools would close altogether, but the effects on larger schools, colleges and universities would be equally dramatic.

Northwest, for instance, would lose 20 to 30 percent of their state appropriations, as many as 130 faculty and staff.

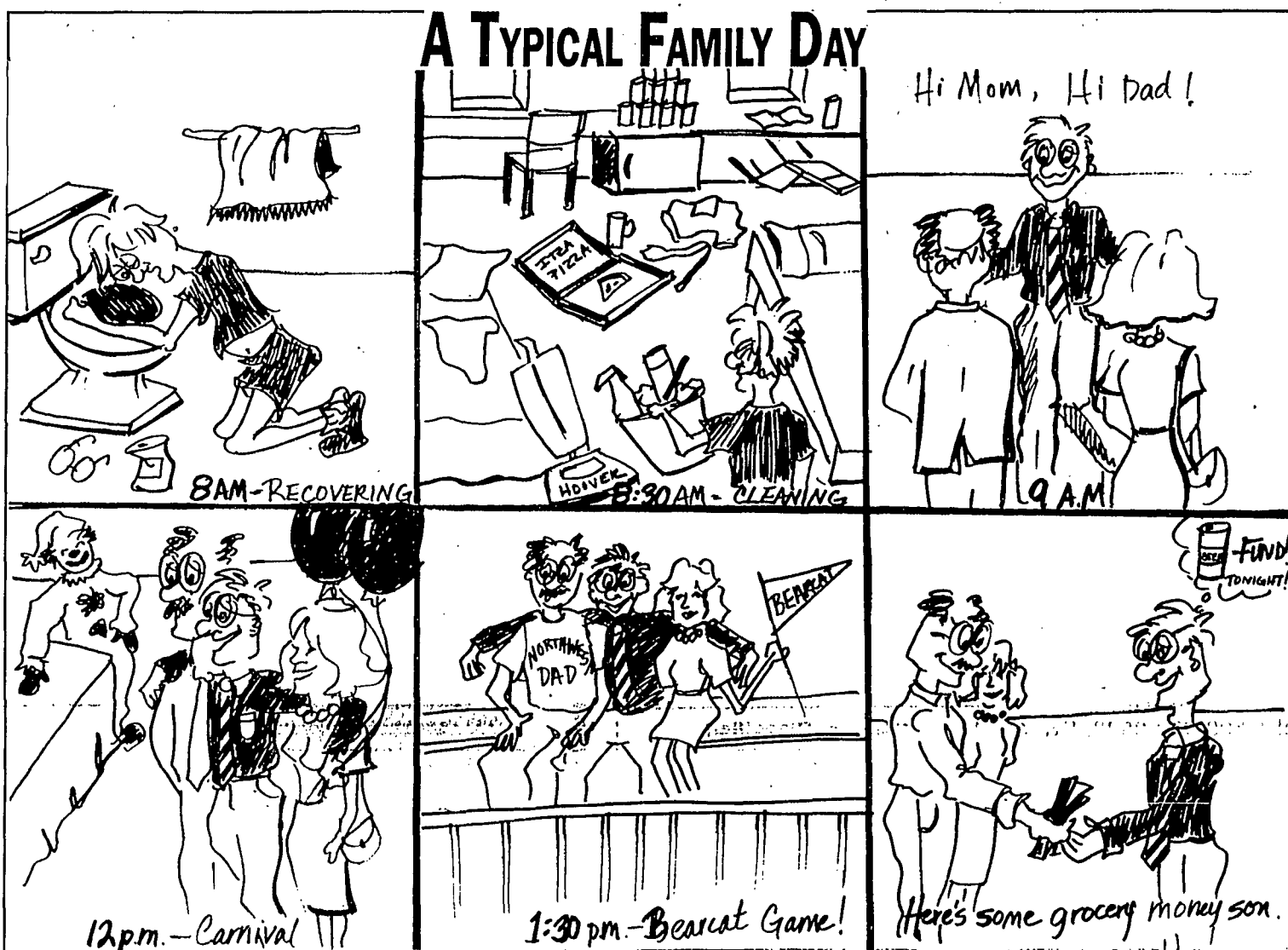
What does that mean to you? It means you would see your tuition increase by 50 percent, or more than \$100 per credit hour. It also means you may be one of the 1,800 students Northwest is forecasted to lose, if the measure is approved by voters.

Amendment 7 is about much more than assuring voters the right to vote on tax increases.

The only question is, why do Ferris and others like him insist upon ignoring the real implications of the measure?

When asked, they respond, "all of that stuff really doesn't matter. What is important is this over here."

Don't let them fool you. Vote "no" on Amendment 7 on Nov. 8.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Amendment 7 has little to do with democracy

Dear Editor,

My comment is in response to the guest column in the Sept. 22 issue of the *Missourian*. Sam Ferris voiced his belief that "If one truly believes in democracy, there is, of course, only one ethical answer. Vote for Amendment 7."

Sam, my fellow student, what the hell does a major cutback in state appropriations for improvements like highways and schools (the one you attend, for instance) have to do with democracy?

Much like the citizens who supposedly signed the petition, you could not have read the entire bill to come to such a conclusion.

Do you realize that by voting "yes," your tuition for next year would increase anywhere from 50 percent (if you live in Missouri) to 100 percent (if you live in another state)?

Furthermore, financial aid you may be receiving, from grants and scholarships to loans and work study, would be severely reduced, if not eliminated entirely.

I completely agree with your sentiment that government should be by the people, for the people, but that neither states nor implies taking away everything we have and destroying Missouri public education as we know it.

If an amendment is ever proposed that would allow Missouri taxpayers (of which I would assume you are not) to vote on any future legislation involving tax increases, without altering the present situation, I would surely vote to approve.

Until then, being 22, a sophomore and without the assistance of any other income other than my own, I prefer to pay my taxes in Missouri and enjoy tuition and financial aid at their present levels.

Patrick Redd

Senate executive board addresses ethical issue

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the 1993-94/1994-95 Student Senate Executive Boards, we would like to take this opportunity to

address the issues brought forth by Hawkeye Wilson's column in the Sept. 22 edition of the *Missourian*.

The Executive Transitional Dinner, pre-approved by Dean of Students Denise Ottinger, is a tradition in Student Senate.

The estimated cost had not been negotiated, but the eight attending chose to hold the dinner at St. Joseph's family chain restaurant, Red Lobster.

This event served as the closing in a series of transitional workshops between the two executive boards.

This leadership technique is modeled after successful businesses and organizations who partake in similar activities to ensure continuity.

The money provided for this dinner was drawn from a special account within the total operations budget, Senate In-Service, which is separate from the organizational request fund.

The account serves to enhance the knowledge of senators through workshops, speakers, and retreats.

Through this education, Senate members develop the necessary skills to effectively serve Northwest student interests.

The transitional dinner was recorded in the 1993-94 account book. This information is a matter of public record, easily accessible to all, including Hawkeye Wilson.

Although essential information was missing from his column, we are confident that Mr. Wilson did not intend to mislead the reader.

We invite you, Hawkeye, to share your energy with your fellow students through participation in Senate activities.

There, each voice is heard. The direction of student government is a true consensus of the people.

We, the 1994-95 Student Senate Executive Board, close by renewing our oath to "work for the general welfare of all members of the Student Government Association."

Jessica Elgin, president
Kevin Kool, vice president
Laura Stageman, secretary
Kevin Spiels, treasurer
Student Senate Executive Board

Campus should design more diverse programs

Dear Editor,

You asked the question, "Do you think the campus is culturally diverse?" Look at who you asked. That should answer your own question. No!

I feel this campus is not only lacking cultural diversity, but what about other issues of diversity?

For example, what about people of different religious backgrounds or sexual orientation?

There is nothing on this campus or in the community designed for people of a cultural background to socialize without taking at least five more people with them.

You take other people like you to identify with.

Also, I do not see any plan of action by the University to create a campus of cultural diversity, other than to educate about diversity issues. This University is producing teachers who still refer to African-Americans as "colored."

Yet you still ask, "Do you think this campus is culturally diverse?"

Marcus James Gowins

YOUR OPINION DOESN'T COUNT

... unless you care enough to voice your opinion in a letter to the editor.

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Letters to the editor should be signed and include the author's name, address and day and night phone numbers for verification purposes. Concise, timely letters have the best chance of being published.

NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

An All American with five marks of distinction

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Operation loses support

Local farmers lash out at corporate hog farm, claim loss of revenue

By CHRIS TRIEBSCCH
CHIEF REPORTER

Area farmers are worried about a smelly situation as Murphy Farms is looking into building a hog plant in Andrew County.

The controversy has been going on for months. Murphy Farms, based in Rosehill, N.C., is the largest corporate hog producer in the country. They would like to start a hog plant around the Savannah/St. Joseph area.

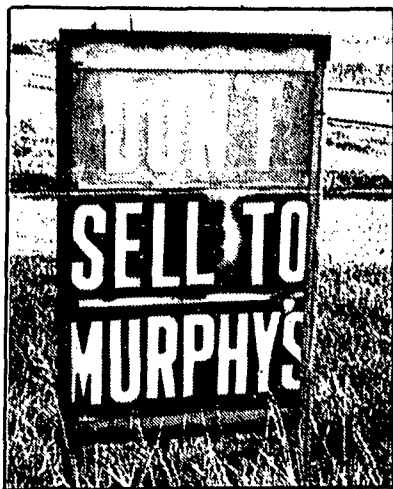
Many of the independent farmers are opposed to this. They claim it will hurt the individual farming industry.

"It has been voiced that individual producers see this as a competitive threat," Arley Larson, chair of the Department of Agriculture, said. "They believe they cannot compete with the corporate structure."

Independent farmers are worried corporate farmers will take over the industry, but corporate farmers are said they are only in about 15 percent of the market and there is still room for competition.

Opponents are worried Murphy Farms would cause poor air and water quality, but they are also concerned with the odors the plant could emit.

"Some people may wait and see if



CHRISTY SPAGNA/Northwest Missourian
FARMERS PLACE SIGNS, like this one located south of Maryville, in protest of Murphy Farms.

(Murphy Farms) will be by them, but they are going to be by somebody," John Schenkel, an independent farmer in Maryville, said. "We just as well stick together because it could end up being beside you."

Schenkel said Murphy Farms could hurt the area in the future because it would keep people from starting their own hog businesses.

Murphy Farms maintains it has a policy that requires hog housing to be at least 1,000 feet from neighboring dwellings and at least one-half mile from churches, businesses and schools. This, it said, exceeds the federal Soil

Conservation Service required boundary of 750 feet.

Murphy Farms also maintains they are always looking for better ways to reduce waste and odor.

Although no land has been purchased by Murphy, it has taken an option to buy 893 acres in northern Andrew County.

The opposition has put up hand-painted signs to send a message to Murphy Farms that they are not wanted. The signs can be seen along Highway 71.

The Savannah Chamber of Commerce scheduled a public meeting to talk about the issue, but the meeting was cancelled due to hostility.

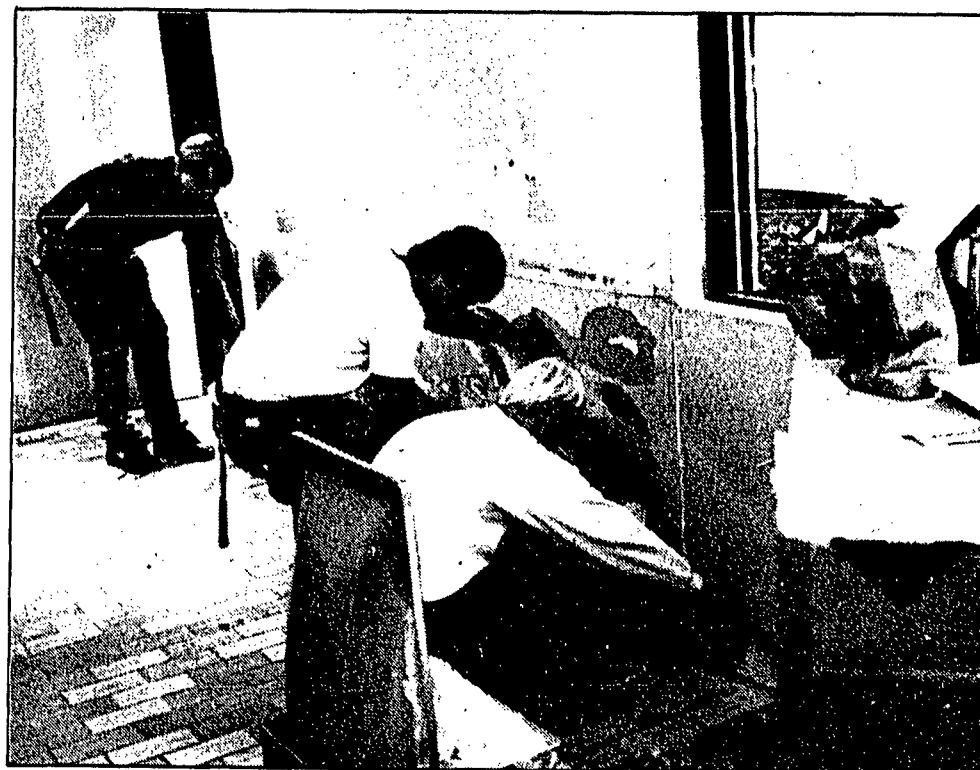
"We were contacted 48 hours before the meeting and told by the chamber that we could be more of a target for tomato-throwing than anything else," Terry Coffey, vice president of operations for Murphy Farms, said.

Although there may be legitimate concerns for opposing it, Larson said anyone should be able to purchase and use resources within the limits of the law.

Bob Bush, vice president for Applied Research, said a similar situation occurred five years ago when Premium Standard Farms moved into Princeton, Mo.

Despite initial Princeton hostility, the area experienced positive economic growth, Bush said.

McRENOVATIONS



RUSS WEYDERT/Northwest Missourian

AS PART OF an ongoing process of restoring McDonald's restaurant, construction workers Ira Long, Greg Peters and Rodney Peters repair Sheetrock Monday inside the establishment. Peters' Construction has been working to renovate the restaurant for more than a month.

Council seeks ordinance passage

By CODY WALKER
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Opening a bottle while on a public sidewalk or parking lot will be one of the things a proposed open container ordinance would put a cap on.

The ordinance, which is being discussed and evaluated by the Maryville City Council, is designed to eliminate the abundance of litter surrounding liquor establishments.

"It (the council) is simply talking

about passing an ordinance which was brought up by city staff," Jeff Funston, council member, said. "In the parking lots there has been an accumulation of litter, not only between Fourth and Fifth streets, but also on the courthouse lawn and down around The Palms."

The ordinance would only prohibit open containers on public sidewalks, parking lots and city streets. It will not affect private property.

"We aren't sure where the litter is coming from — the people going in

and out of the bars or minors standing outside," Funston said. "My own personal feeling is that the parking lots and sidewalks in Maryville are not places to be having parties."

Business owners near bars often spend the morning after a crowded bar night cleaning up the litter around their establishments and in the streets.

"I feel that we would not need to address this problem if the bar owners would simply clean up their own areas after hours," he said.

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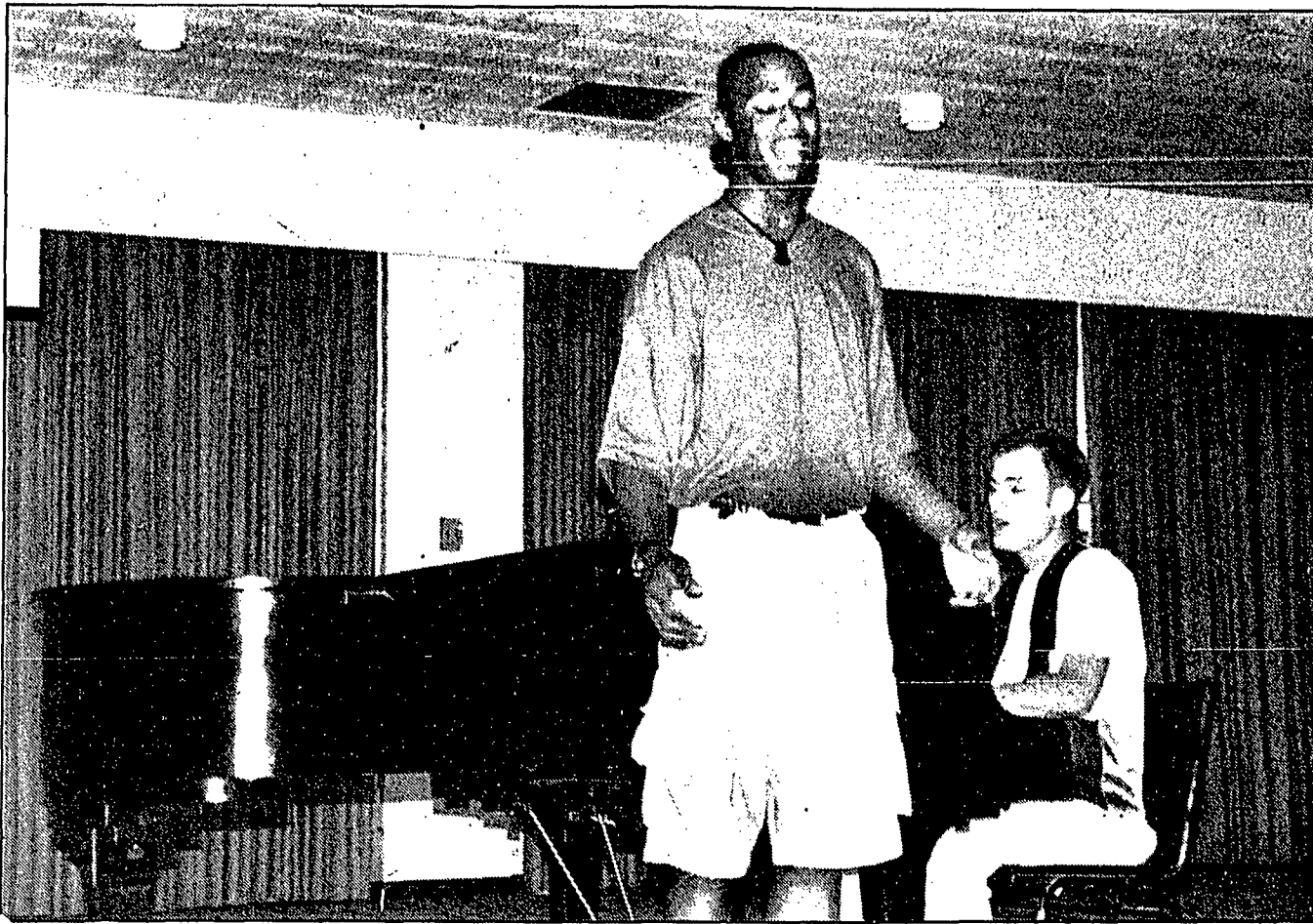
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SING-A-LONG



MARC JACKSON SINGS along to Kip Mathew's piano playing during their Ollo audition, Monday for the Homecoming Variety Show. The variety show will be at 7 p.m. Oct. 12-13 and at 7:30 p.m. Oct. 14 in the Mary Linn Performing Arts Center.

KERRIE KELLY/Northwest Missourian

Spencers bring magic, illusions to campus

Couple returns with mix of family entertainment, metamorphosis tricks

By CHRISTIE HOWELL
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Lights, music ... metamorphosis! In the blink of an eye she is magically transported from the shackles that bind her inside a locked box and tightly bound bag into a place between heaven and earth.

Her partner stands by, counts one ... two ... and in an instant he is beamed into the other world and she appears to count a resounding three. He has replaced her and she is free.

Metamorphosis is just one of the illusions that magicians Cindy and Kevin Spencer perform in their magic act, which they will take to the stage at 7 p.m. Friday in the Mary Linn Performing Arts Center.

Tickets are \$6 for adults, \$4 for children under 13 and are available at the Administration Building 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, and at the Mary Linn box office 6-8 p.m., Monday through Thursday.

This is not the first time the Spencers have performed at the University. They have become a favorite of Northwest audiences for a number of years, according to CAPs adviser Dave Gieseke.

"We wanted something special for the night before Family Day - something that would be good family entertainment," Gieseke said. "We were glad that it worked out that we could have the Spencers come again."

Students can expect illusions such as the disappearance of Cindy's body, leaving only her legs and head. Kevin's attempt at one of Harry Houdini's suspense-filled underwater escapes will also highlight the show.

Kristy Dennehy, CAPs Films chair, has seen the Spencers perform four times before and recommends the show to students.

"Students will not be disappointed if they attend this show," she said. "It

will be a fun and relaxing night that will provide students with a great break from the stress and monotony of studies. I am really looking forward to the show."

The Spencers' approach to magic and illusion of the '90s is a mix of grace, agility, chemistry and romance, according to Dennehy.

"We want our audiences to experience magic the way it can be rather than the way it was," Kevin Spencer said. "We want to create mystery, drama, laughter and amazement. And we want to do it in a way that will relate to people of all ages. Magic and illusions are not just for children anymore."

Seminar spotlights women's well-being

By SARA SANTO
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Women today face many health concerns, including breast cancer and menopause. Problems such as these are put on the backburner because of the lack of knowledge or time to do something about them.

Northwest will be sponsoring a free women's health seminar called "Looking Good and Feeling Good" to educate the public about some of these pressing health issues. It will be from 8:30 a.m. to noon Saturday, Oct. 1 in the University Conference Center.

Gina Peterson of KQTV will be the guest emcee. Acknowledged speakers will elaborate on women's issues of menopause, breast examinations and mammography.

"Women need to find out more about how they can stay healthy and pick up the problem before it becomes life-threatening," Dr. Jerry Wilmes, director of Student Health Services, said.

"We feel that we will be presenting

a well-rounded and informative agenda with an upbeat atmosphere."

It is never too early for women to start worrying about their health, so this seminar targets women of all ages.

"This seminar will benefit women of all ages and make them aware of changes they can make now to prepare them if problems should arise," Jane Dawson, obstetrician/gynecologist, said.

"We feel that the program will promote a better awareness of women's health issues and start women thinking about certain issues now and for when they get older," Andrea Anderson of Contemporary Physician Care said.

A fashion show will also be presented by Clara's Fashions. The fashions will range from dressy to casual.

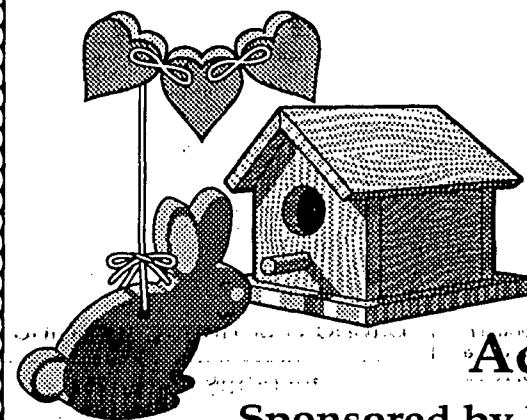
"We will be presenting clothing such as sweater and skirt combos, novelty sweaters and matching city shorts, and a great variety of active wear," Katy Gumm, manager of Clara's Fashions, said.

Those interested in attending may register the day of the seminar.

5th Annual Hobby & Craft Show

Saturday, Oct. 1;
8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Maryville Senior Center



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Looking Good and Feeling Good



A Free Seminar About Women's Health Issues

Saturday, October 1, 1994

8:30 a.m. to noon

Northwest Conference Center

Door prizes will be given,
and refreshments served.

For more information contact Teri Harr
or Andrea Anderson at 562-2525.

Correction: In the Sept. 22 issue of the Northwest Missourian, Jeremy Browning was incorrectly identified as Wesley Clark in a photograph of the Student Senate freshman class representatives.

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Contest

Wednesday

October 5th
"Phil N
the
Blanks"
Live Rock

SPORTSLINE

Bearcats Football

Saturday, Sept. 24		
Northwest 10, Northeast 37		
Plays	NWMSU	NEMSU
First Downs	74	61
Rushing yds	16	16
Passing yds	59	179
Pass Att/Comp	107	285
Total Yards	17/22	17/25
Penalties/yds	210	484
Time of Poss	6/45	9/82
	33:01	26:59

Scoring Drives:

13:14 1st Quarter: NEMSU-Bramon 83-yd pass from Thompson (Rudel kick)
10:21 1st Quarter: NEMSU-Anderson 7-yd run (kick failed)
6:34 1st Quarter: NWMSU-Scheib 47-yd field goal
4:47 1st Quarter: NEMSU-Anderson 2-yd run (Schell 2-point conversion pass from Thompson)
14:15 2nd Quarter: NEMSU-Anderson 36-yd pass from Thompson (kick failed)
2:19 3rd Quarter: NWMSU-Colenburg 1-yd run (Schell kick)
1:16 3rd Quarter: NEMSU-Bray 10-yd pass from Thompson (Rudel kick)
3:25 4th Quarter: NEMSU-Rudel field goal

MIAA Football Standings

	W-L	Pct.	W-L	Pct.
1. Pitt State (4)	2-0	1.000	3-0	1.000
2. Northeast (7)	2-0	1.000	3-0	1.000
3. UMR	2-0	1.000	3-1	.750
4. Mo. Western	1-1	.500	3-1	.750
5. CMSU	1-1	.500	2-1	.667
6. Emporia St.	1-1	.500	2-1	.667
7. Mo. Southern	1-1	.500	1-2	.333
8. SBU	0-2	.000	0-3	.000
9. Washburn	0-2	.000	0-3	.000
10. Northwest	0-2	.000	0-4	.000

(F) Rank in latest NCAA Division II Polls

Bearcats Volleyball

Wednesday, Sept. 28		
Northwest 3, Washburn 0		
Kills	NWMSU	WU
Assists	40	44
Digs	38	40
Service Aces	53	45
Match One	6	4
Match Two	15	7
Match Three	15	13

MIAA Volleyball Standings

	W-L	Pct.	W-L	Pct.
1. CMSU	5-0	1.000	15-1	.938
2. Northeast	4-0	1.000	15-1	.900
3. Northwest	4-1	.800	16-2	.889
4. Emporia St.	3-2	.600	13-4	.765
5. UMSL	2-2	.500	4-7	.364
6. Mo. Western	2-2	.500	7-11	.389
7. Mo. Southern	2-3	.400	4-5	.400
8. Pitt State	1-3	.250	7-7	.500
9. SBU	0-4	.000	0-8	.000
10. Washburn	0-4	.000	3-11	.214

Bearcats Cross Country

Saturday, Sept. 24
 University of Missouri-Columbia Sports
 Shake Invitational
WOMEN: (third place overall)
 2. Kathy Kearns, 18:48; 17. Jennifer Miller, 32:18; Geneta Eustice, 19:37; 22. Carrie Sindelar, 19:54; 25. Renee Stains, 20:19
MEN: (seventh place overall)
 20. Shannon Wheeler, 21:26; 26. Doc Harris, 21:36; 30. Stephen Marotti, 21:50; 35. John McIntosh, 22:05

PLAYER WATCH

Suzi Fabian

Class: Freshman
Position: Outside Hitter
Hometown: Corvallis, Iowa (Iowa City West HS)
Major: Public Administration
This season's stats: Named the MIAA hitter of the week. Leads the Bearcats volleyball team and the MIAA in aces with 40. Seventh in the MIAA in digs averaging three per game.



KEY QUOTE

"We had an absolutely perfect night, great crowd and a really great setting. The only problem we had was our defense thought the game started at 7:30 p.m. when it actually started at 7 p.m."

-Mel Tjeerdma
 Head football coach

Big Eight Football Standings

	W-L	Pct.	Pts.	PR
1. Nebraska (1)	4-0	1.000	1,510	1
2. Colorado (5)	3-0	1.000	1,333	7
3. Kansas St. (16)	3-0	1.000	569	17
4. Kansas (31)	3-1	.750	35	33
5. Oklahoma (17)	2-1	.668	533	16
6. Oklahoma St.	1-1	.500	NR	NR
7. Missouri	1-2	.333	NR	NR
8. Iowa St.	0-4	.000	NR	NR

(J) Rank in USA Today/CNN Coaches Poll (Pts) Poll points (NR) Not ranked (PR) Previous place in poll

CHIEFS WATCH



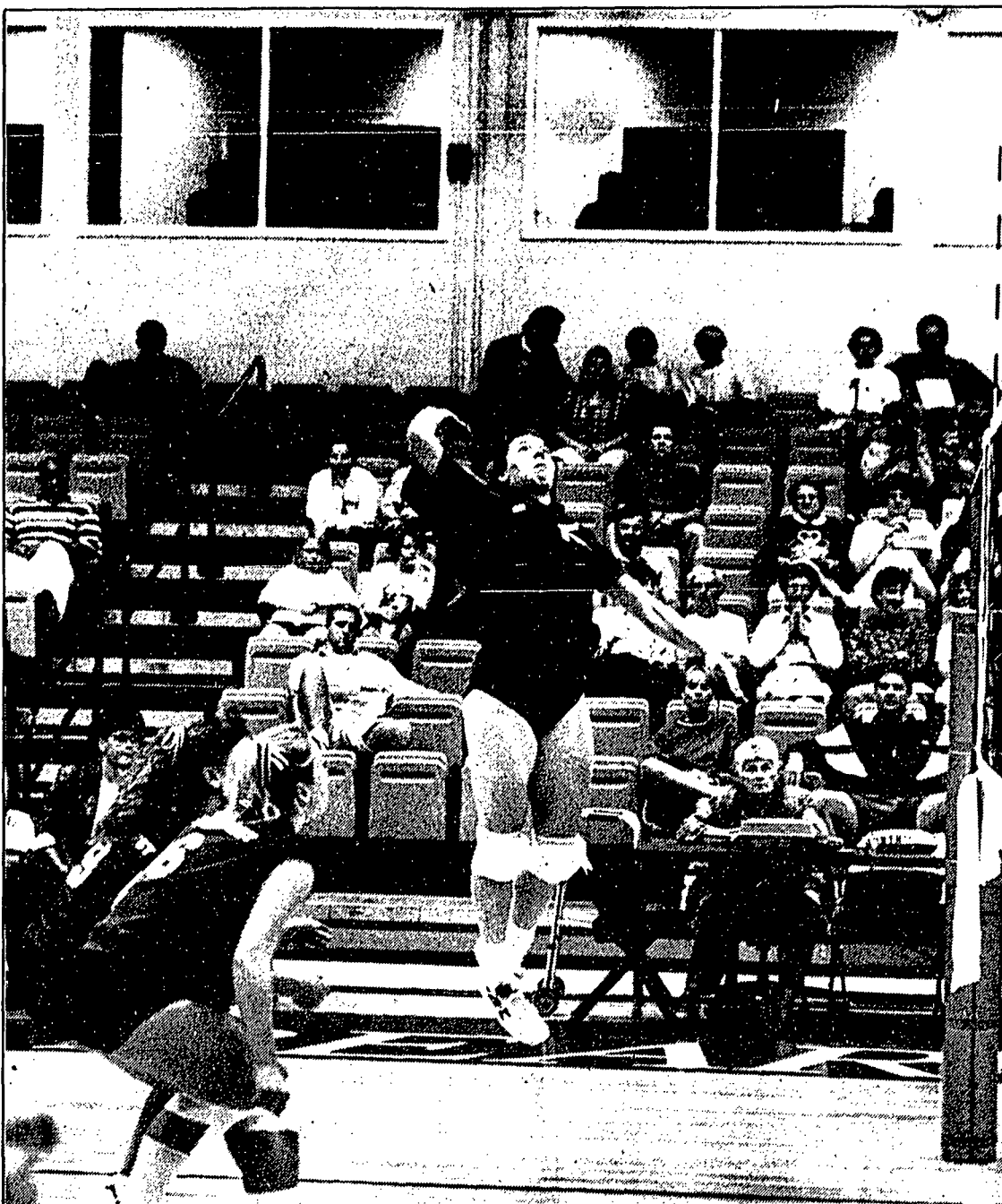
LAST WEEK:

Sunday, Sept. 25
 Los Angeles Rams 16
 Kansas City Chiefs 0

NEXT WEEK:

Sunday, Oct. 2
 Bye Week

Spikers drop 4 straight MIAA foes



JUNIOR OUTSIDE HITTER Tami Lichtas leaps to spike the ball against Washburn University Wednesday. The 'Cats swept the Lady Blues in the match, improving their record to 16-2.

'Cats catapult to best start since '84; Washburn loses in three consecutive games

By CARRIE PAULSON
 MISSOURIAN STAFF

The Bearcat spikers, who were predicted to finish eighth in the MIAA, have proven otherwise to fans and opponents by jumping to their best start since 1984.

To try and extend its winning ways, the team will travel to Leavenworth, Kan., Saturday to play St. Mary's College.

Wednesday, the 'Cats swept Washburn University, 15-7, 15-13 and 15-10 at Bearcat Arena to improve their record to 16-2 overall and 4-1 in the MIAA.

Despite the three-game sweep of the Lady Blues, the Bearcats had a few problems, freshman outside hitter Suzi Fabian said.

"It was kind of an off night for all of us," she said. "But it's really good that when someone is down, people can pick it up. If someone is having a bad night there are five other people out there to make up for it."

Fabian was not alone in her feelings about the match.

"We did what we had to do to win tonight," head coach Sarah Pelster said. "We weren't playing as much in synch as we had been." "They scouted us statistically so they knew who to go after and they went for those people."

"We came out knowing we had to win because this was a team that was ranked below us and because of that we felt a little added pressure," she said. "They were really fired up to come against us."

Junior outside hitter Tami Lichtas and sophomore middle hitter Hayley Hanson led the attack with nine kills each. Freshman middle hitter Diann Davis followed closely with eight kills.

Defensively, Davis contributed three solo blocks and five block assists, while Fabian added 14 digs.

The Bearcats traveled to Joplin, Mo., on

Friday to take on Missouri Southern State College and came away with a sweep of the Lady Lions, 15-11, 15-11 and 15-8.

The Bearcats were down by four points in two of the three games to the Lady Lions before rallying to claim the victory.

According to Pelster, it is always tough to play Missouri Southern on their home court.

"We haven't beaten them for four years and as a whole, their fans are very fired up and are really supportive of their team," she said. "You can't let that get to you. You just have to learn not to pay any attention to the fans and that is what we did."

Following the loss, Missouri Southern fell to 2-6 overall and 0-3 in the MIAA.

For the first time in four years, two Bearcat spikers were named MIAA volleyball players of the week Monday.

Fabian, who was named MIAA volleyball hitter of the week, led the Bearcats with 11 kills on 18 attempts with only one error. She also served up seven aces in the match.

In the second game, Fabian served for seven consecutive points, including four aces, three of those being consecutive.

Fabian added seven straight points, including three consecutive aces in the third game. She also added 11 digs and four assists.

Sophomore setter Jennifer Pittich, who was named MIAA volleyball setter of the week, contributed 33 assists and six kills on 14 attempts without an error.

Northwest's only senior, outside hitter Angie Crouch, led the team in digs, saving 13 attacks from stopping play. Crouch also had seven kills.

Saturday the 'Cats faced Pittsburg State University, who are 6-5 overall and 1-1 in the MIAA. After back-and-forth scoring runs by both teams, the Bearcats prevailed 15-12, 13-15, 15-11 and 15-4.

Offensively, the Hanson led the Bearcats with 12 kills on 23 attempts with one error.

Fabian had 12 kills and 15 digs while Pittich set Northwest hitters 46 times.

Bearcats make progress through fall season

'Cats' bats produce 17 hits, 12 runs in weekend games; pitchers continue to shine

By CHRIS GEINOSKY
 MISSOURIAN STAFF

Although it was chilly Saturday when the Bearcat baseball team came out to play, their bats came out red hot.

This weekend the 'Cats will face Longview Community College noon Saturday and Iowa Western Community College (Council Bluffs) noon Sunday at Bearcat Field.

The Bearcats played Iowa Western Community College (Clarinda) Saturday, but their game against Kansas City Kansas Community College Sunday was rained out and played Tuesday.

Northwest opened the game against Iowa Western (Clarinda) with six of its first eight batters reaching base safely.

The Bearcats totaled five hits and five runs in the opening inning of play.

"We executed perfectly in the first inning," head coach Jimmy Johnson said. "Our pitching has been good, our defense has improved and the offense is coming around," he said. "We're going to be contenders this year."

Following the Bearcat offensive display in the first inning, the game turned into a pitchers' duel with only one run being scored over the next five innings.

In the seventh inning, the Bearcat offense came back to life and tallied another five runs on six hits.

Johnson said he was pleased with the way his team has executed over the past few weeks of play.

"The team as a whole has really progressed over the last couple of weeks, and their talents are beginning to show," Johnson said.

The junior class, which seemed as though

it had something to prove, accounted for the majority of the Bearcats' offense.

Junior first baseman Jeremiah Paulson led the team at the plate by pounding out four hits, driving in two runs and scoring another two.

Also performing well was junior third baseman Marc Kruger, who collected two hits, two RBI and one run. Kruger also turned in several good defensive plays.

"When I bat I feel that staying relaxed and confident are the two most important factors," Kruger said. "Today, I was both and I hit the ball well."

The third in a trio of play-making juniors was catcher James Barnett, who banged out two hits, two RBI and one run.

"Barnett executed well on offense, and this game will increase his confidence," Johnson said.

The Bearcat pitchers also performed well in the game, according to Johnson.

Senior pitcher Brent Goheen worked

his way out of a sixth inning jam, completing three scoreless innings for the Bearcats.

According to Johnson, Goheen has had a lot of experience at the junior college level which will help him through the season.

"The pitching has been good this year so far and I hope it continues," Johnson said. "I've been impressed with the individual pitchers that have been thinkers, not just throwers."

As a team the Bearcats had a tough time getting the offense going against the Kansas City Kansas Blue Devils Tuesday, striking out nine times, collecting just six hits and only scoring two runs.

However, Barnett was a defensive spark for Northwest throwing out three Blue Devil baserunners.

"The defense played well and kept us in the game, but you have to put runs on the board," Barnett said. "You can't just be a defensive team."

"The pitching has been good this year so far and I hope it continues. I've been impressed with the individual pitchers that have been thinkers, not just throwers."

Jimmy Johnson
 Head baseball coach

Gridders search for first win of season against Emporia

By COLIN MCDONOUGH
 MISSOURIAN STAFF

If you take away the first 16 minutes of Saturday's football game, two things would have happened: Northwest's seven-game losing streak would be over and the Hickory Stick would be back in the Bearcats' hands for the first time in almost a decade.

However, Northeast Missouri State University scored 27 points in the first quarter and the first minute of the second quarter. The Bearcats could never overcome the deficit, falling 37-10.

The next opponent for Northwest will be Emporia State University, who invades Rickenbrode Stadium at 1:30 p.m. Saturday. The Bearcats have won five straight games against the Hornets, who lost the one time they came to Maryville.

The 'Cats defense, which had played its best game of the season a week earlier, was not ready to play when the game kicked off in Kirksville, according to Mel Tjeerdma, head football coach.

"I was not pleased at all with our performance defensively," he said. "I didn't feel as though we were mentally ready to play."

In addition, defensive miscues were a major factor in the Bearcats' loss, according to Tjeerdma.

"We committed big mistakes on defense in the first 16 minutes of the game," he said. "They made the big plays and we had some blown assignments."

The Bearcat offense had its most productive game of the season, including its first points of the season.

"Our 90-yard drive for a touchdown should give us a lot of confidence for the rest of the season," Tjeerdma said. "I think this solidified in our offense's mind that we do not have a bad offense."

In a move to improve the offense, freshman redshirt Adam Dorrel replaced Kurt Kruse at offensive tackle for the 'Cats to shore up a weakness in the offensive line.

"We made a change on the offensive line and so far it looks like a good move," he said. "We still gave up too many sacks (seven). We will need to do a better job."

Freshman tailback Tony Colenburg rushed for a season high 108 yards on 31 carries to lead the offense.

"The offensive line change probably helped us a little bit," Colenburg said. "But with the good attitude we had going into the game, I didn't think it really mattered who was playing on the line."

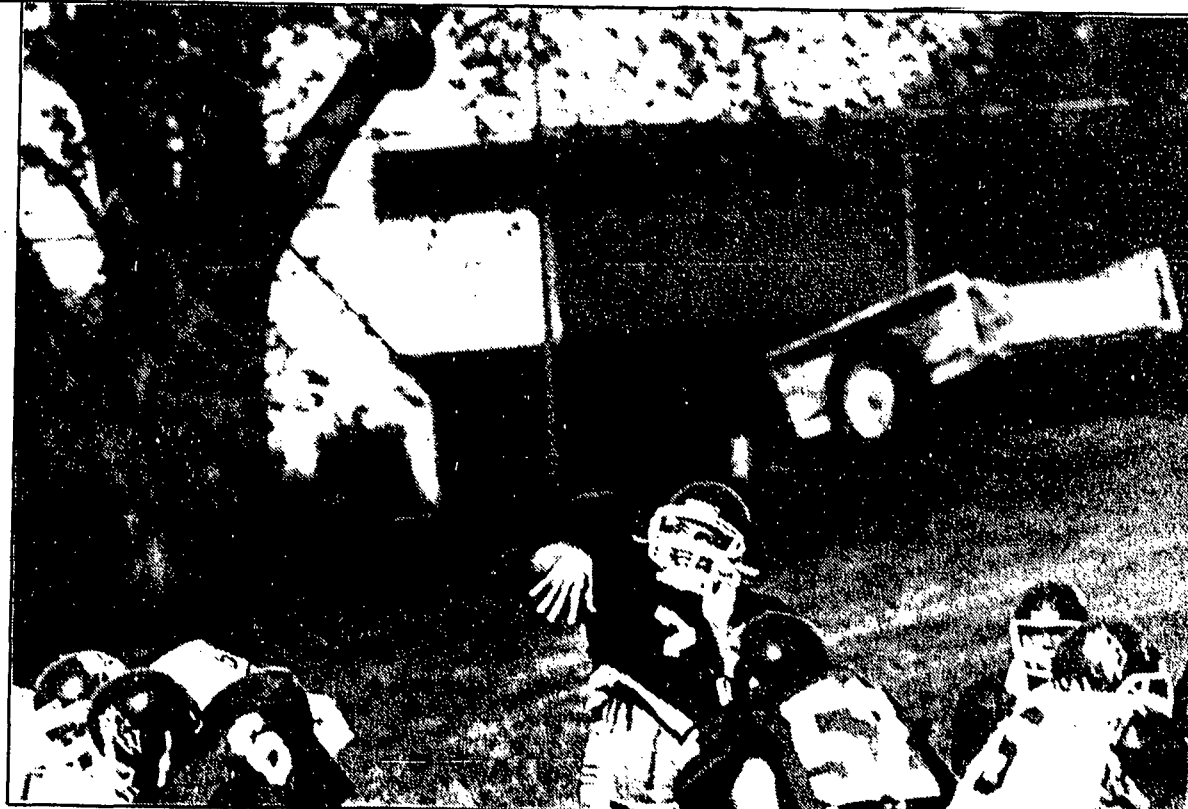
"Colenburg played a great game," Tjeerdma said. "He played real hard and took quite a bit of the load by carrying the ball that much."

Emporia is coming into Maryville after being stunned on the last play of the game against the University of Missouri-Rolla, 15-14. The loss dropped Emporia to 2-1 overall.

The Hornets are a team full of seniors and juniors, but many of those players have not started in previous years, according to Hornet head coach Larry Kramer.

"We have a very experienced team but we don't have many returning starters," Kramer said.

One of the returning starters for the



JASON WENTZEL/Northwest Missourian

BEARCAT QUARTERBACK TODD Ferguson works on his pass timing patterns during practice this week. The 'Cats are hoping to stop an eight-game losing streak Saturday against Emporia State University.

Hornets is all-American tailback Quincy Tillman. Tillman, who pulled a quadriceps, has not seen much action this season. Kramer said he is not sure whether Tillman will play Saturday.

"It all depends if he is able to practice this week if he'll be able to play this Saturday," he said.

Kramer said he is very impressed with Northwest even though the 'Cats are winless and in the midst of an eight-game losing streak.

"Northwest Missouri is a good team," Kramer said. "They are very aggressive, very enthusiastic, and they play real hard. They have had a very tough schedule so far."

Likewise, Tjeerdma thinks Emporia is another good team that likes to keep control of the ball on the ground and keep control of the clock.

"They are a run-oriented team with two real good tailbacks," he said. "They also have a very good defense."

Derek Woods and Tillman lead the Emporia rushing attack. Woods was named the conference player of the week a couple of weeks ago, according to Tjeerdma.

Northwest is going to have to play as hard as they did that weekend to beat Emporia, according to senior punter/kicker Ryan Scheib.

"We will have to give just as good of an effort as we did last weekend to beat Emporia," Scheib said.

Rodeo team saddles up for season

By JASON CISPER
MISSOURIAN STAFF

The Northwest rodeo team is off to a spurring start, as they travel to Pratt, Kan., this weekend for their first rodeo of the season.

"It's the first rodeo of the year, so a lot of the new guys will be nervous," calf roper Buck Sells said. "What they have to remember is that the other cowboys can make mistakes, too."

Rodeo head coach Dave Sherry believes leadership from the older team members will be a plus.

"I'm sure there'll be some baby-sitting done," he said. "I'm not expecting too much from the freshmen, but I hope I'll be surprised."

Northwest will compete against colleges from Kansas and Oklahoma on Friday and Saturday.

The 10 team members will be competing in calf roping, steer wrestling, break-away roping, team roping, barrel racing and bull riding.

Sunday, the Top 10 cowboys and cowgirls in each event will compete in the "short-go," where they will try to win the No. 1 position.

Sherry is confident that a few of the team members will compete in the Top 10 Sunday.

"I'm expecting a strong showing in the team roping, calf roping and the steer wrestling," he said. "The competition is tough. Everybody that's going has a shot to win."

Cross country teams place at MU

By NATE OLSON
CHIEF REPORTER

The Northwest women's cross country team stayed hot with a third place finish Saturday at the University of Missouri-Columbia Sport Shake Challenge.

To follow that success, the men's and women's teams will compete in a meet Friday at Concordia College in Seward, Neb.

The Bearcats were beaten out by the University of Missouri-Columbia and Drake University, two NCAA Division I schools. Northwest has a 6-3 record against Division I schools this season.

Freshman Kathy Kearns, who was last week's MIAA women's cross country runner of the week, continued to pace the Bearcat runners by finishing second overall in the meet with a time of 18:48. Freshman Jennifer Miller marked a time of 19:32 that was worth a 17th place finish.

Women's head coach Ron DeShon said his team continues to improve with each meet they attend.

"We have improved a lot," DeShon said. "We just keep getting better and better."

However, he is hopeful that a few runners will step up to give the Bearcats postseason success.

"Kathy Kearns did well again, and doing what she is doing as a freshman is great, but we need the other girls to step up if we are going to win the big prizes," DeShon said.

Although DeShon believes the younger runners will improve over the course of the season and is not surprised by their performances so far.

"I'm not really surprised because it all goes back to recruiting," DeShon said. "They were all superstars in high school, and when we recruited them we knew they would do well right away."

Conversely, the men's team did not get the balance they needed to be successful and finished sixth out of seven teams competing.



GREG DALRYMPLE/Northwest Missourian

MEMBERS OF THE women's cross country team run through Franklin Park as a part of their daily practice. Both teams travel to Seward, Neb., Friday to take on Concordia College.

Senior Shannon Wheeler, who was named the men's MIAA cross country runner of the week, led the Bearcats by placing 20th with a time of 21:26.

Men's head coach Richard Alsop said the men's team did not live up to their capabilities this weekend.

"We did not perform well as a team," he said. "Shannon Wheeler is running steady but we need

better performances from our other runners."

Senior John McIntosh believes he and his teammates need to pace themselves better in order to achieve success in the future.

"We need for four or five of us to stay up toward the top of the pack and run together for the entire race," McIntosh said. "We run well together in practice so we should be able to do it in the meets."

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<p>WEDNESDAY</p> <p>9:00 am Step Reebok/Body Sculpting</p> <p>4:00 pm Combo Class</p> <p>5:15 pm Step Reebok/Body Sculpting</p>	<p>THURSDAY</p> <p>4:00 pm Step Reebok/Body Sculpting</p> <p>7:30 pm Interval Step</p>
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Rolex Invite awaits 'Cats tennis teams

By MATT MARCKMANN
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Women's tennis swings into action this weekend to begin its season, but the men will have to wait two weeks before they get a chance to show their stuff.

The women will travel to Topeka, Kan., this weekend for the Rolex Women's Regional Tournament.

The Rolex Tournament is an individual tournament which will showcase all 10 MIAA teams and other schools from the Midwest Region such as Mankato State University and Southern Illinois University.

"This is an individual tournament and not a team tournament, but helps us to get some player rankings," Mark Rosewell, men's and women's tennis coach, said. "I'm excited to begin the new season."

The Northwest women's squad is the three-time defending MIAA team champions and are looking to make it four in a row. Both teams began preparation for the new season Sept. 6.

Seniors Lucy Caputo and Kara Fritz, junior Andi Schneider and sophomore Maria Groumoutis are returning veterans who hope to win their fourth consecutive MIAA team tennis championship.

According to Schneider, the preparation for the upcoming season began this summer in amateur tournament play and continued this year in intra-squad competition.

"So far we have been playing against each other and we look very good," she said. "It helps that we've all been playing in summer tournaments."

The men will be hosting the Rolex Men's Regional Tournament at the Frank Grube and High Rise tennis courts Oct. 7-9 to open the 1994 season.

The men's tournament will also be an individual tournament to determine individual rankings and will include all the MIAA conference members, as well as other schools from the Midwest Region.

Rosewell feels good about this year's men's team and hopes the new recruiting class can help the Bearcats attain a national ranking.

"Because of the great recruiting class we have coming in, I'm very optimistic about our team this season," he said. "In fact we may have the talent to be a Top 20 team nationally."

Seniors Eduardo Jarolin and Jeremy Gump and sophomore Nick McFee return to lead a Bearcat squad who finished with a 13-10 record in the 1994 campaign placing second in the MIAA postseason tournament behind Southwest Baptist University.



AMY MUENCHRATH LEARNS the preferred landing form technique as part of the skydiving course taken at Lexington Memorial Airport. A PLF is a five-point landing technique that is used to avoid injury upon landing.

SARAH ELLIOTT/Contributing Photographer

LIVING ON THE EDGE

Skydiving adds excitement to life

By BRADY BILYEU
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Jumping out of airplanes, free-falling from a few thousand feet above the ground, pulling the rip cord and praying for a landing that you can walk away from are just a few ways students add a little excitement to the repetition of their normal routines, and turn day-to-day life into living on the edge.

A thousand miles west of campus and at an altitude of 9,000 feet, a charter plane streaks across the horizon of Skydive, Arizona.

After a full day of preparation and training, this was not going to be just another average day for Andrew Wright.

"One minute you're riding along in an airplane and the next you're free-falling toward the earth at 120 mph, hoping that a piece of material will be able to slow you down and save your life," Wright said.

Free-falling from the Arizona sky was an experience he said he will never forget. Wright had wanted to go skydiving ever since he saw a video of his neighbor's jump.

On his 18th birthday, his parents gave him permission to fulfill his dream. Wright headed out to Skydive to make his first jump.

"Of course I was afraid," Wright said, "but once I jumped out of the plane, I just let it go and hoped that my parachute would open. I can't wait to go up again."

Wright explained the reasoning behind his desire to live on the edge.

"I enjoy the thrill of coming close to death, yet living high on life," Wright said. "Sometimes you have to test your limits."

Wright is not the only student who feels the need to take his chances. At 8 a.m. Sunday, Amy Muenchrath and Neil Dublinske arrived at Missouri River Valley Skydivers Inc. at the Lexington Memorial Airport, in Lexington, Mo., to go through the training necessary to make their first skydives.

"My only fear is that if something goes wrong, it will be when I'm hanging from the wing of the airplane," Muenchrath said.

After completing the parachute malfunction drill, Dublinske expressed some of his concerns.

"My biggest fear about the jump would be having to pull the reserve cord," he said.

The reserve cord is the safety precaution that protects a jumper in case of a parachute malfunction. In the event that a parachute does not open or is for some reason ineffective, the reserve cord deploys a smaller, secondary parachute to prevent the jumper from falling 3,200 feet to his or her death.

"It makes you fall a lot faster and hit a lot harder," Dublinske said. "When you have to pull the reserve cord, it means that you no longer have any control."

However, placing all fears aside, Muenchrath and Dublinske underwent six hours of classroom training and video instruction.

They also participated in a series of physical practice drills in which they learned how to board the plane, climb out to the "jump spot," land without breaking any bones and deploy the reserve chute in emergency situations.

At the end of these classes and drills, Muenchrath and Dublinske took a written exam to test their ability to comprehend what they had learned.



SARAH ELLIOTT/Contributing Photographer

AMY MUENCHRATH PRACTICES exiting an airplane in preparation for the real jump as part of a skydiving course. She was not able to jump Sunday because of poor weather conditions.

On the test, they were asked the fundamentals of safe skydiving such as the five points of contact for safe landing and the correct way to exit a plane at 3,200 feet.

After several hours of skydiving practice, they were finally ready for the real thing.

"The first thing I'm going to do when I get back on the ground is get something to eat," Dublinske said. "Then I'm going to go out and brag."

Unfortunately, however, when the time arrived to make the long-awaited jump, high winds and an incoming storm front cancelled the pair's plans of jumping for the day.

Muenchrath said it was a major disappointment. She and Dublinske left Lexington, determined to be back. Weather and schedules permitting, they will make their jumps in two weeks.

According to Tom Dolphin, owner of the Lexington airport and skydiving company, Muenchrath and Dublinske will have plenty of opportunities to jump again.

"We take people up all year round," Dolphin said. "In fact, some people have found that their favorite time to jump is in the middle of winter. On a good

winter day, the sky is clearer, the planes can get better altitude and the snow on the ground makes for softer landing."

Dolphin has been helping people like Wright, Muenchrath, Dublinske and several others experience life on the edge in Lexington for the past 17 years. Dolphin has also seen an immense growth of popularity in "rush sports" like skydiving over the past few years.

"A lot of it has to do with the fact that people are getting bored with their day-to-day routines," he said. "Sports like skydiving are rescues and escape from the insanity of those routines. Jumping out of an airplane is a rush that consumes your restless energy in a nondestructive way. More and more people are starting to find it as a great release."

Dolphin and his staff stay busy instructing skydivers seven days a week, all year long. The total cost for a first-time jump is \$105. Dolphin has received his certification as a master rigger, which is the highest professional certification given by the United States Parachute Association.

To register for a class, or to find out more about skydiving, contact Dolphin at 1-800-776-5315.

Thrill seekers attempt rappelling, cliff diving

By BRADY BILYEU
MISSOURIAN STAFF

Standing at the edge of the 200-foot ledge, Brandon Brown gazed into the flowing waters of the Raccoon River. Before he climbed the steep cliff, he had checked the water to make sure it was not too shallow. Now, the only thing left to do was jump.

He took in a breath and made the plunge. Falling toward the current of the rushing river and looking back up at the cliff, he waited for the splash of the water. This was the scene two years ago when Brown went cliff diving, in a river just two miles from his home town for the first time. He wanted to see what kind of rush it would give him.

Wind and sharp rocks are just two of the many dangers a prospective cliff diver must face before taking the plunge. Despite all the dangers associated with cliff diving, Brown decided to take the risk and make the jump.

"I've heard about and seen people who dive off of cliffs and land on the rocks below or get sucked under by the currents," Brown said. "I guess the reason that I did it was to see if I could hit the water and come up alive."

Brown said that his experience was positive and worth repeating.

"If I can find another cliff high enough, sure, I'll go again," Brown said.

Cliff diving is not the only way to experience a rush. At the age of 10 Cheri Flippin took her first course in rappelling at Girl Scout camp and at the age of 14 she became a certified rappelling master.

To this day, Flippin is still rappelling at Camp Prairie Schooner, the camp she attend as a young girl. She said after all these years the thrill is still the same.

"The first step is still always a doozy," Flippin said. "No matter how many times you've climbed, your adrenaline always starts to pump when you take your first step over the edge."

An important part of rappelling lies in the type of equipment that is used. Flippin says that the best equipment to use is a good pair of gloves with no holes, and a rope with no cuts or frays and a strong weight capacity.

The next thing a rappeller needs is a clamp to hold the rope in place and a descender, a figure-eight shaped hook that connects the rope to the webbed seats, which are usually made of nylon. With 11 years of rappelling experience to draw on, Flippin has learned not only how to climb, but also instructs as well.

"There's nothing quite like the feeling of helping to build up people's self-confidence by helping them make their first climb," Flippin said. "I've sent everyone from a four-year-old child to a 350-pound woman off of the rappelling tower before. It's really an incredible experience."

Flippin expressed her feelings about the personal rewards of living on the edge.

"Rappelling is a natural high," Flippin said. "I don't drink and I don't do drugs, but there's a definite high in making a good climb."

"The first step is still always a doozy. No matter how many times you've climbed, your adrenaline always starts to pump when you take your first step over the edge."

Cheri Flippin
rappelling master

Parachuting sequences highlight dumb movie

'Terminal Velocity'

★ (out of four)

Hollywood Pictures
Stars: Charlie Sheen, Natassja Kinski,
Christopher McDonald
Director: Deran Sarafian
Rating: PG-13
Reviewer: Mike Johnson

From its suspenseful trick opening, "Terminal Velocity" doesn't aim higher than mindless thrills. With such a low aim, the movie hits its target two or three times.

When fish-out-of-water Ditch Brodie, who explains how he got his name from where he was conceived, gets involved with a beautiful but mysterious agent, he finds himself in over his head. It turns out she is a "KG used to B" agent who is trying to get millions of dollars worth of gold off an airplane.

Of course, there are a group of villains who make the Keystone Cops look like Sherlock Holmes and who want the gold for themselves.

It's a by-the-numbers plot that gains what velocity it has from some terrific aerial stunts including the drop of a Corvette with passengers from a plane.

Charlie Sheen, who used to have a career, stars as Ditch. The star of such



Hollywood Pictures

CHARLIE SHEEN PORTRAYS a skydiving instructor who finds himself hurled into a strange world of espionage and intrigue when a beautiful woman signs up for a parachute jump and her chute fails to open.

hits like "Platoon," "Major League" and "Wall Street" has become a sideburned caricature of an actor who now fights for parts with his untalented brother, Emilio.

Here, he has fun and shows a few

glints of charisma. Those waiting for a career revival for Sheen will have to wait a while longer, though.

Thankfully, Natassja Kinski is easier to take as the mysterious agent. She begins the movie as an annoyance

whom the audience is ready to see take a freefall.

However, by the third or fourth scene, she manages to convey some intelligence and charm, even when saddled with the deadweight Sheen.

As the peroxide villain, Christopher McDonald has potential, but his character is so dumb, he floats off the screen into movie oblivion without much fanfare.

Deran Sarafian directs the whole thing like a stage production of "Our Town." Thankfully, his mediocre direction is saved by some terrific stunts.

Although he inexplicably shows half faces and feet at key dramatic moments, which gets annoying fast, the aerial stunts are terrific.

"Point Break," which the movie attempts to copy, captured the thrill of parachuting in one sequence, much to the credit of action director Kathryn Bigelow.

Although "Terminal Velocity" doesn't even attempt to come close to the visceral thrills of "Point Break," it manages to find the pulse of skydiving several times.

So if a skydiving commercial is what one is looking for, they should race to "Terminal Velocity" at optimum speed.

THE STROLLER

Your Man pleads for students not to be computer addicts



Yours Truly
lashes out
at hopeless
computer
addicts

It is amazing how far technology has come since the early 1980s. Your Man never thought he would be communicating with people in other countries or sending important messages to friends, teachers and colleagues through an ever-changing machine called the computer.

Computers blow Your Man's mind away. It just astonishes me how useful the computer is. I use it for homework and sending messages to those hard-to-reach friends and teachers on campus. To keep my phone bill down, I send messages to my sister, who attends another university in the wonderful state of Missouri.

Since the early days of Your Man's college career, there have been rumors of a cult of people called computer addicts.

Through the years, telnet and "mud addicts" have been added to the computer addiction list.

This specific breed of computer users is made up of human beings who sit in their dorm room all day and night using the computer to communicate with people on campus, in the state and in other countries.

They sit on their butts all day and all night, sometimes not leaving their room for days at a time. How can they do that when they have classes to attend and food to eat?

Well, it's easy. Your Man had a next door neighbor a couple of years ago that was a computer addict. I think I only saw him three times during the fall semester my sophomore year.

When we moved in, he seemed pretty cool, but after he was finished getting all of his stuff in his room he shut his door and I never saw it open again. I never even heard a peep come from his room.

He seemed really cool when I first met him, but then he told me that he had to go buy his own computer

to keep in touch with his friends because he was moving. This guy was really bugged.

This is when I found out how bad computer addictions can be. I asked him if he met all his friends here at Northwest. He proceeded to tell me all about his computer escapades the past semester and all his friends he played Mud with.

But the really weird thing was he didn't know any of their real names. He just knew them by Dragon Master, Zen Master and other strange names like that.

Your Man was really glad that loser was moving out. The following semester I had a next door neighbor who was completely opposite. He was loud and always around bugging me. So remember, don't be a computer addict. It's bad on the brain.

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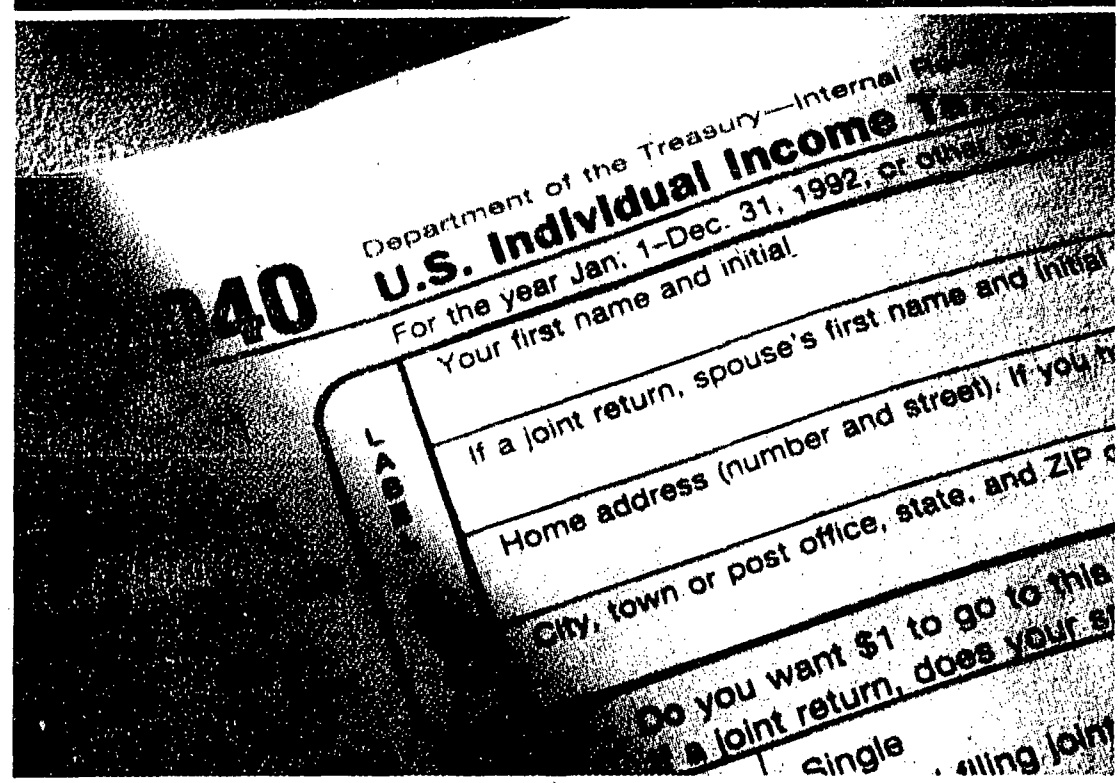
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enVision

Creative expressions by Northwest students



Brian Meyers

A publication of the **M**^{NORTHWEST}ISSOURIAN

BY JENIFER HARR

BEST FRIENDS

The dancing red and orange flames mounted some unseen staircase, then dipped with the draft that swept down the chimney flue with an eerie wail, throwing flickering shadows across the floor and walls.

Lorine, sitting on the couch a few feet away with a multicolored afghan drawn up over her knees, studied the crackling embers as they burst forth with little showers of sparks, escaping the confines of the sooty black grate that held the worst part back. The shadows wavered across the slim planes of her face, and the firelight glinted in her hazel eyes while she watched the sparks fall slowly to the carpet.

11:25 p.m., she thought. David would be reporting to the station for the end of duty. He'd shower, catch a ride home with his partner Jack, maybe make love to her, and get up in another six hours to start his shift at the 8th Precinct of the Longsbrough Police Department. And she would drop Robby off at the day care for the day since she had volunteered to help the commerce committee with the upcoming county fair. Lorine mentally calculated how many more hours her husband would have to complete that week to get the day off. Her second cousin Suzanne's wedding was that weekend, and she promised her mother they would go, although she barely knew the younger girl. I don't even remember Suzanne showing up at my wedding, Lorine pondered. Brushing away those nagging thoughts, she said to herself, "A promise is a promise."

Four shifts, with nine hours each, plus the extra time David put in—

"Mommy?" A plaintive voice broke her concentration. She turned to see Robby, nearly four years old, tripping down the hall in his blue pajamas with feet that were too long for him and an embroidered elephant on the bib. His dark hair was tousled, and he drowsily rubbed his brown eyes with a fist.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" Lorine asked, pulling the youngster onto her lap when he reached the couch and draping the blanket over his small frame.

"Can't sleep. Monsters and ghosts," he explained simply as if it were the universal truth. His mother merely nodded; she didn't feel like lecturing her son about the same things that had terrified her when she was growing up.

"I'll hold you until Daddy comes home, OK?"

"OK," came the mumbled response. A pause. "Who's your best friend?"

Lorine smiled. It was a game between the two of them.

"Why, you, of course," she answered, tweaking Robby's upturned nose, and he ducked her hand, giggling with pleasure. But then he sobered.

"What did you do before me? Did you have a best friend in school?" His innocent eyes looked up into hers, and she could detect a bit of fear in their brown depths. Momentarily confused, she wondered why he had asked that. Then Lorine recalled telling Robby earlier that day that he would be starting school next year. Were these the ghosts that were keeping him up? Fear that he wouldn't fit in with his classmates? Brushing back his soft hair, she replied without thinking, "Yes, I had a best friend."

"Was she nice?"



Linda Shouder

Lorine opened her mouth, but no sound came forth. Roxie was the first thing that came to mind. After all these years: Roxie.

"Yes, she was nice."

No, she wasn't, she screamed in her mind. She was evil, mean and bad. Very bad. "She was nice, Robby."

"What'd you do?" His rosy mouth opened wide with a yawn, and he struggled to stay awake. "Did you go fishing or play with race cars?" His eyes drooped.

"We did a lot of things," Lorine said quietly, with a sudden pain in her stomach, watching Robby fall asleep in her arms, the firelight skipping across his smooth face.

Why? After all these years, after Lorine had settled down with a husband and child, why did she appear like some ghost from her childhood? Lorine closed her eyes, not to sleep, but to try to forget the memories.

She should have known Roxie was trouble the day they met. Lorine, quiet and demure in her new dress and blonde curls swept back with two barrettes, was eager to make friends in kindergarten. When she glanced around the huge room sectioned off by bulletin boards, she didn't understand, Lorine's eyes rested on the girl sitting behind her. Thick black hair rested across her shoulders like a cape, and the girl was studying the white hem of Lorine's dress, tracing the edge of it with her shiny black shoe, leaving dirt marks in its path.

"Hey," interrupted Lorine, yanking her dress away from the shoe's reach. "What are you doing?"

The girl looked up, her blue eyes showing no remorse.

"Nothing."

Lorine was shocked. Mommy would have spanked me if I did that and didn't say I was sorry. "My name's Lorine. What's yours?"

"Roxie Marinelli." The name rolled off her tongue with ease, reminding Lorine of the exotic stores that Mommy dragged her into when they went shopping. "Let's go play with the blocks."

Lorine nodded eagerly, even though she'd rather play house. They had a whole miniature kitchen area with cabinets and a real sink. A real sink, thought Lorine excitedly, but she walked with Roxie to the other side of the room where the blocks lay.

Once there, the two dropped to the floor, Roxie hiking her light blue dress above her knees to build the blocks between her legs. Lorine's eyes drifted over Roxie's legs, glimpsing the girl's white underwear, and then she looked away nervously. Picking up a red block and tucking her dress around her legs carefully, Lorine began to place the blocks side by side. A kitchen, she decided.

The minutes passed quickly, and soon the teacher rang a bell, signaling the end of playtime. The light tinkle reached Lorine's ears, and she jumped up, unknowingly knocking over Roxie's sky-high building in the process. A scream of rage followed.

"You broke my castle!" Roxie yelled, her loud voice claiming the attention of the large classroom. She jumped up and shoved a surprised Lorine, causing her to fall back against the bulletin board. Lorine closed her eyes tightly as the hard wood rammed itself into her skull, and a searing pain followed. Dazed,

she reached to cradle the back of her head, feeling a warm moistness ooze between her fingers. Frightened, she pulled away and saw her hand was tinted with streaks of red. Blood.

Now Lorine started crying. While her fingers clenched the white material of the dress, leaving red imprints, her body shook as tears trickled down her twisted face. Through the sobs, she managed to blubber out, "What did I do?"

Roxie stood over her, her arms folded across her chest as the teacher and other kids began to swarm around them like bees drawn to honey. With a slight grin on her face as if she found the whole situation amusing, Roxie, above Lorine's crying and the teacher's useless tries to calm to class, stated smoothly and simply, "You broke my castle."

There were no apologies.

That was how it began. Lorine wasn't exactly sure why she continued to hang around Roxie. Maybe she found Roxie's highhanded attitude intriguing, the way she demanded things her way and her refusal to let anyone tell her what to do. Lorine grew up the youngest in the family, with a sweet disposition and an inborn urge to obey rules. Roxie, however, was the eldest and practiced bullying her younger stepbrother and sister. Her real father had run his truck off an icy bridge the winter after she was born. And her young mother quickly remarried, explaining it wasn't safe for her to raise a child alone. Lorine and Roxie would lie in Roxie's windowless bedroom in the basement, talking about their families. Lorine remembered the way Roxie's face would soften when she talked of her dad and how much he had loved his baby girl. Lorine learned not to ask how Roxie knew about her father's love when they first started talking about him.

"But how could you remember him, Roxie?" Lorine questioned as skimmed through the pages of Roxie's books that she kept hidden from her mother. Roxie called them "dirty," and Lorine would find herself blushing, along with a strange tingle flooding her stomach, at references toward body parts.

But then her stepdad would yell down the stairs, something about moving her blasted bike out of the driveway, and Roxie's

cont. on page 6

B Y E L I Z A B E T H C O T T I N G H A M

EPIPHANY OF THE UNBELIEVER

Even after the accident, as she lay immobile in the community hospital, Kerry could concede one thing.

"It was stupid," she said, staring up at the yellow stains on the ceiling. "It couldn't have worked. That damn car wasn't going fast enough."

Marty could only stand beside his friend and watch her silently. A lot of times, he found he just had to get up and go to the lobby, or cafeteria, sit with a Mountain Dew, and think. He wanted to be with her more, but she offered no explanation. In fact, he wanted to scream, to grip her and to shake her savagely until she confessed what had possessed her mind. But she said nothing, only picking at the thin white blanket and answering mechanically when anybody asked her a question.

He'd been sitting beside her for almost three hours now, and he felt he might have been one of the magazines strewn over the little table pushed between the two hospital beds. She seemed indifferent to his presence.

"What was it?" Marty remembered asking the nurse as she shut the door behind them when he'd first arrived after the accident. Kerry had just fallen asleep, thanks to a sedative.

The nurse had sighed, almost looking straight through him. "She was apparently trying to kill herself," she said in an irritated tone.

Marty's eyes had widened in astonishment. "But why? Did she say anything? Did anybody—"

"I don't know anything about her case," the nurse had replied shortly. "I'm just here to see that she gets her medicine." And with that, she huffed off.

Kerry's parents had been notified as soon as she had been pulled from the car. Knowing how much her daughter cared for Marty, Mrs. Howland had called him. "She's in the hospital," she said. "We're going there now. They think she was—trying to kill herself. I know she'd want to see you."

Marty had barely said good-bye. He ripped off his work uniform and threw on a T-shirt and jeans, and then tore out the front door. Moments later, he parked his Volkswagon in the hospital parking lot and raced inside. That was 9:30, Friday night. Now, it was 12:23, Sunday afternoon. The doctor had told them that Kerry could go home Monday morning—as long as she would talk to one of the staff psychiatrists. But Kerry wasn't talking.

"Well, Kerry, you sure do have a setup here," Dr. Hershel said, gesturing a ball-point pen toward a huge brown teddy bear and a vase of tulips. He glanced at her with a smile. "Your parents seem very concerned."

Kerry shrugged. "Oh, of course they are," she said. "I'm missing a lot of classes, and that costs money."

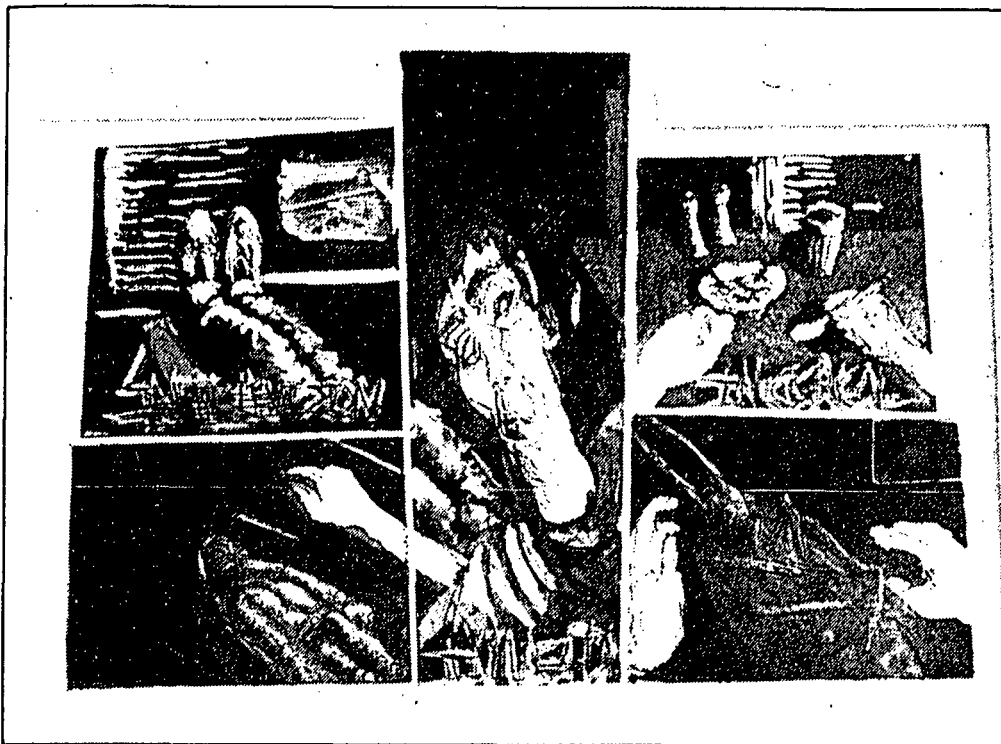
Dr. Hershel smiled again, not quite so widely. "I don't think that's quite why they're concerned, do you?" Kerry shrugged. Dr. Hershel glanced at Marty, seated quietly in the corner. "I have a feeling you have a lot of people who care about you. Your classes can wait—it's you they care about. Now, what is your major again?"

"Economics," Kerry murmured, focusing on a piece of hair that had fallen across the front of her hospital gown.

Dr. Hershel nodded. "That's quite a subject. Tough courses, I'd bet."

Kerry shrugged again. "Kind of," she said, her eyes examining the hair she'd plucked from her gown.

"It takes a smart person to understand all of that stuff—money, investments, the stock market," he commented, watching her carefully. "Not many people can handle that. You must have a good stock of brains," he added. Then he sat up straighter. "This accident doesn't make you stupid," he said. "There



Nate Bogart, "In Television, In Cereal, In Head"

are reasons behind it, and we're going to get at them. Then you can go home, after we establish some outpatient treatments."

Kerry rolled her eyes. "Oh, goody," she murmured, turning to look out the window.

"Kerry, something must be very wrong in your life in order for you to take such a drastic step," Dr. Hershel said. "As I've stated, you're a smart person, and smart people make smart choices. You must have thought that was a smart choice, and we're going to have to figure out why. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Kerry closed her eyes

briefly. When she looked up again, she focused straight ahead. She said nothing.

Dr. Hershel stood up. "I'm going to have to check on some other patients now," he said. "And in the meantime, I want you to talk to Marty, and maybe you can tell him some things you're not comfortable telling me. I won't ask him what you said," he said, walking toward the door, "but at least you'll have someone to tell this to, to get all this off your chest. I'll be back here in about an hour, and maybe then you'll be ready to talk. See you then, Kerry." The door shut behind him.

Marty remained seated for another minute. He watched Kerry, who was busy searching her hair for split ends. Marty had known this girl for almost the entirety of the 20 years of her life, and he had no idea what to say. They were best friends. He shouldn't be afraid. Something had changed. He didn't know where to start.

As he looked at her, he thought of his mother's favorite hand-blown glass angel. It wasn't so much that she was saintly—they'd gotten drunk together, been pulled over three or four times, speeding together, skipped school together, and even lost their virginities within two months of each other. This was no angel. But Marty suddenly felt like he was holding a glass figurine. He felt she might break in his hands.

"Kerry," he said suddenly, almost before he realized he was speaking. He remained motionless, his arms flattened against the arms of the chair. "Kerry."

Kerry didn't turn her head. She kept her eyes on the world outside the window. "What?" she asked. Her voice trembled.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

"I felt like it."

"Why?"

Kerry shrugged. "I don't want to live without him."

Marty thought about this. "Brian?"

"Yeah."

Marty stared at her. "But why him? You've had other guys."

Kerry sighed. "Yeah, well, he wasn't the same."

"You broke up last week."

"He wanted to date someone else. Emily, I think."

"There are other guys."

"Yeah."

"It's not the same."

"No, it's not," Kerry said, a flash of anger in her eyes. She turned back to the window.

"You don't think so now, but —"

cont. on page 4

"When you're talking to yourself and nobody's home, you can fool yourself; you came in this world alone."

-Axl W. Rose, "Estranged"

I write

BY JACOB ECKERMAN

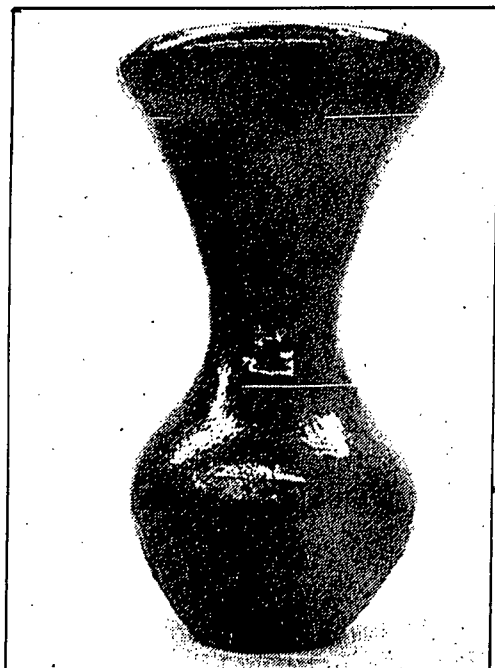
this is what



Jackie Miller



Jackie Miller



Jackie Miller

1. open your eyes
think of what the uprise is
with all our new-found words
with scars we forced upon ourselves
and hate, which you call love

2. binary code
shallow substance
abuse of what
even i can't have
inject flashback
guards of truth
burning down inside
real memory
poured inside sight
pattern truth growing

3. Innej
She's got a body
at least in mind
Could this mistress
be a find
words like clockwork
and eyes of rhyme
She's got a body
at least in mind

4. eve
caressed by all my mixed up words
she hates this shit ising
"it's all such foolish games to play,
to care how your heart beats"
Living in each rhyme i write
She hates me for my tongue
"you cry out, but than avoid me
standup, so i can speak"

5. Beware, it could happen

Hate me for their slaughter
it doesn't bother me
i'll rape your wife and rape your land
and make your race a memory
Hate me for their slavery
it doesn't bother me
i'll steal away your race again
and i'll make you just a fee
Hate me for their Holocaust
it doesn't bother me
I'll kill your whole damn race off
and i'll steal the starter key

6. Edmund Guy
Cut it up
paste it down
make it into mace
Uh, wait a minute
what's that
a breast, a head, a face?

7. Jami
i want you to see me.
steal the nail,
and bleed me.
i want you to build me.
take a piece,
and kill me.
i want you to learn me,
know my tricks,
and burn me.
i want you to break me.
start again,
and make me.
How long will i have to stand alone
attacking all the things i've known
to prove to you, i lust your mind
that shrinking veins need your slim time.

How long till you will touch me
and let me look into your kiss
How long till you'll defeat me
and hate and love with one same fist.

8. No Art Here
poetry is life
life is not an art
but just like art its here today
and then it's gone tomorrow

9. bored looking at Vogue
phat clothes guy
or would be
if they weren't hippy diced
What's with this action
bringing back played-out fashion
i will not bell bottom

10. 242
The more i rise you deny
i am a beat
new romancing
through defeat
cybernetic uncontrol.
death is silence-
circuitry can fold.

11. 220
trapped inside four walls
legs crossed like a girl
person speaking out,
She's got what i don't want.
grey skies fumble in
dust builds up upon
lecture breaks my ears
opinions are so more.

EPIPHANY OF THE UNBELIEVER

cont. from page 3

"It'll change, won't it?" she asked, her voice bitter.

Marty said nothing. He pulled himself out of the chair and walked over beside her. He sat down.

"Brian's so smart," Kerry whispered. She didn't seem to notice that Marty had moved. "He's going to make some girl a very good boyfriend."

"There are other things," Marty said softly.

Kerry looked at him. "You know what I was listening to? I mean, when I crashed?" She paused. "I was listening to 'Anymore,' by Travis Tritt. 'And I can't keep pretendin' I don't love you anymore,'" Kerry sang. Her cheeks reddened slightly as she finished. "It was dumb of me, wasn't it?" she said. "I mean, I'm halfway to getting my degree in economics, and I'm too stupid to realize that when you want to die, you can't do it by slamming into a Ford Escort doing fifteen miles an hour." She laughed. "I got a broken wrist and a banged-up knee."

Marty watched her hands, which had fallen to picking at the blanket. "You can't get out of here. Not 'til you talk to the psychiatrist," he said. "And besides, he's right. Your parents are scared shitless about you. Your dad's been here all night. Your mom's been here almost as long, trying to keep from coming apart."

"I'm not insane!" Kerry shouted. "Why the hell do they think I am? It's not their damn business what I do anymore!"

"Yes, it is, Kerry," Marty said. "You know they care. You just don't want to believe anybody cares. Then it's easier to let go."

For ten minutes, Marty held her as her anguish flooded from her body.

"You're still here," Kerry whispered after a while.

"Yes," Marty said. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Brian wouldn't stay here," she said.

"He doesn't deserve you," Marty said.

"I'm not that fantastic, you know."

"I know."

Kerry laughed. "Stop doing that. This is supposed to be a tragic moment."

"I don't like tragic moments."

"Well, neither did I," she said. "Not 'til Brian showed up in my life. I wanted attention, I guess. Well. Forget Brian"

"OK. Let's talk about you."

"Why?" Kerry cried. "That's all they'll be talking about for the next few weeks until they decide I won't try to kill myself anymore."

"Will you try it again?"

Kerry shrugged. "Is life better than death?"

"I don't know. Why don't you wait and see?"

Kerry sat silently awhile. Finally, she said, "Must be time for lunch soon. I bet they're having that yummy green Jell-O and Salisbury steak again. Life ain't the same on the outside."

Marty laughed softly. "No, not exactly," he said. "We get real food. Even if it is crappy sometimes."

Kerry smiled. "Maybe I am insane if I'm looking forward to going back to it."

"I think we all are," Marty agreed. "You're probably saner than the rest of us. You had the guts to test it, and come back."

"Am I?" Kerry asked.

Marty didn't have time to answer. The door swung open, and a nurse poked her head in. "Lunchtime, Kerry."

"What's the soup du jour?"

"Funny you mention soup!" the nurse exclaimed, smiling in surprise. "We're having vegetable soup and tuna salad sandwiches."

Marty rose from her bed. "I've got to go to work," he said, "but I'll be back about eight, OK?"

Kerry leaned back against the pillow. "I'll be looking for you," she said. "I can't stand another haute cuisine like this."

Marty laughed. He looked down at Kerry, and he didn't have the image of the glass figurine in his head anymore. He saw a woman, and she was human to him. He kissed her. "Behave yourself," he said.

"Marty," Kerry called just before he reached the door.

"Yeah?"

"I'm coming back, too."

As Marty walked back out to his car and swung his jacket over his shoulders, he didn't feel much different, except that the daylight shone on his eyes and lips, and it felt like a hymn.

Down by the Platte

BY PATRICK MONAGHAN

hey brother, can you still remember the winter?
those little bits of specific little things,
little glass shards of conversation
with friends,
faces in distant places,
memory so strong
you can taste it like thick fog
on mornings when you squirm under elusive recollections of
dreams. scattered memory projected out on the great amphi-
theater,
like watching your life played back to you
in some deserted and weedy drive-in theater
somewhere down in the southwest, pecos,
where it is too dry for anything to grow
but wild and tangled patches of memory, brambles,
which need no water.

yes brother, i can remember the winter
but not much of it, only a little.
and there you both sit, on that grassy knoll
dec. the sl. heat of august,
with the said understanding
that the spring thaw is over,
and finally, for one brief evening
your soul is warm and calm.
the hanging candles down by the river
sway and chime in the breeze, softly,
so content just to watch them dance and flicker
in the warm night air.

i heard a folk-song by Jean Ritchie, it sent my mind adrift

i think i love her,
that far away voice;
and a jittering but steady, solid-blood-in-artery-harmony rises
up
and the whole of the earth's soil hums with it.
and she is too far gone
and too strong alone
to be loved by the likes of me.
and what life must be, to a hermit
she lives alone in the windswept hills that yearn for the sea?

*somewhere there is a gypsy saying, "and the city boy will
see the stars."*

and a tap on the shoulder was all that was needed,
no word.
the stars are falling slowly,
touching down smoothly
in the fields

like a million little space ships landing on the surface
of the ocean floor, illuminating the cloudy depths.
they are like warm pearls
glowing in the deep, dark forests of corn.

swimming is so much fun

there is nothing quite like the fear
of an underwater cerebral injury, irretrievable, impact-
paralazation, broken spine, cerebellum boiled liquid and
running thick
just like the melted water.
so i went swimming with a girl who took off her shirt,
though the view was not for me.
now, so far, to you, it probably does not sound like i was
having much fun, but i'm sure that if you were to have
videotaped the event
and stilled the part where my face hits the water,
as i come out of a flip very much alone in my world,
you would have seen that it more than made up for the other
things.
i felt the energy released as the other two
brand-new-seriousness of wet flesh.

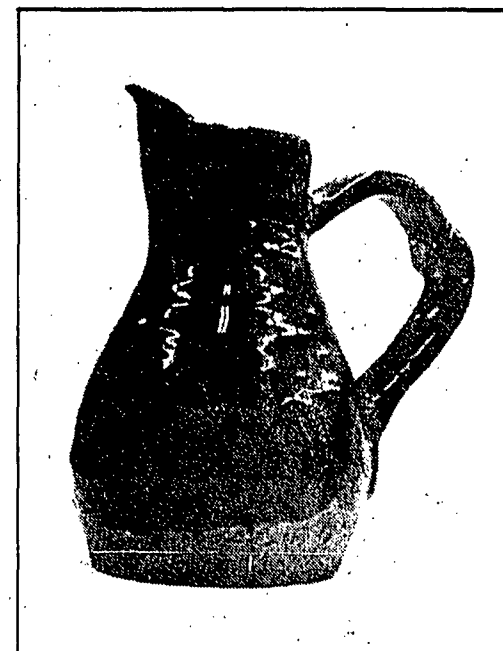
a catharsis

the dusty light is unmasked for what it really is,
is perhaps a young infant son
dreaming in his new world about things soon to be forgotten
in the new times ahead,
just a few days after his birth
when the eyes still blink in disbelief because they do not yet
know fear.

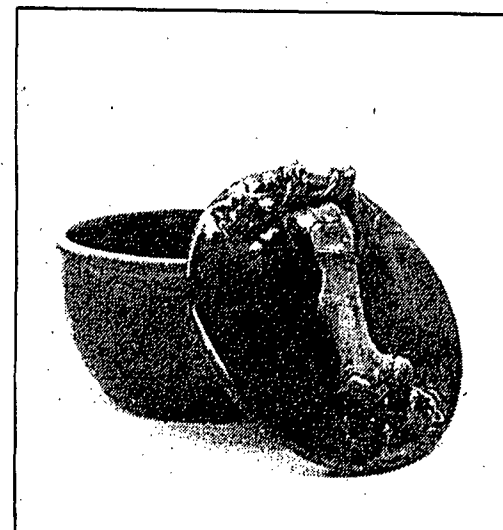
i dance sublime,
while my fingers seem to groan and stretch plant-like,
languidly.
my eyes look inward
into a floating dream,
concentrated and clorophoric.

(this next part is going to be hard to explain,
so i will ask my god for help to describe
and you must ask yours for help interpreting)

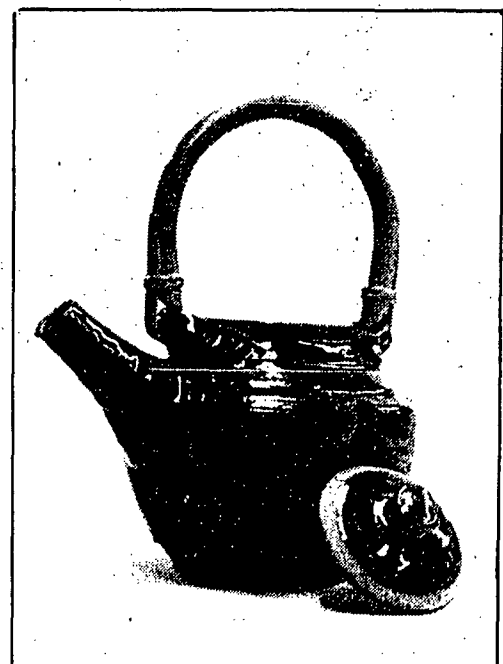
i turn up the volume, taking me further in.
i dance on, as my hair waves snake-like,
a black baccian-chanting dance in medusa's chamber,
where life is the only thing real.
do you see?
it's not vile or evil,
just alive and writhing naked beautiful again.



Melissa Hoxeng



Kelli Damron



Pete Sanfield

To Keep My Admirable Distance

BY DIANE YOUNT

With inherited pride you've
pushed the endless cattle through
the snow, raising your fleshy arms
to pour molasses-sweet grain into long troughs.

You always nourished us,
whether with meat from livestock
or with a deer hide belt
which you stated, was from God.

You horned silence to us
father, late into the night and finally
at the dim kitchen table you sliced
me with the quiet stare of isolation
rather than the 'Come here' pat on your knee
and then I knew my distance.

No more daddy's girl worshipping from the top
of a hay-bale tower in the Morton castle;
I venerated you, in your brown coveralls, mixing yourself
into the mucoid blood of a calf sliding out
of its mother.

Father — so sweet your smell of work,
oil and sweat, so comforting your old man's size,
Now you're pot-belly up, rolled out on
the Lazy-Boy soft snore,
Farm Journal open, falling
the arm rest as I barefoot it
out the door, escaping to my peers,
without waking you.

PENIS ENVY

"What did you say?" A heavy-set woman, her thick hair twisted into a black bun at the nape of her neck, turned from the counter with a shiny, flashing butcher knife in one hand and a cold glitter in her eyes. The young girl sitting at the table groaned inwardly and braced herself for the verbal assault that was soon to follow. As the woman made her way toward the table, placing one foot firmly on the tiled floor before uprooting the other, the girl caught her reflection on the wide blade of the knife—a general blur that grew larger and sharper as the woman came closer. But the girl didn't feel larger when the woman paused before her, casting a shadow across the table and the scattered papers and books that littered the expanse.

"What did you say, Jane?" the woman asked again, her hard-sounding baritone voice seeming to shake the air.

"Nothing, Mama," Jane replied meekly, averting her eyes from the knife. She glanced down at the psychology book that laid open before her. I should have kept my mouth shut, Jane thought.

"No, girl. I heard what you said, now say it again," Mama demanded.

"I was just talking about Freud's theories, Mama," Jane tried to start delicately. Her mother merely snorted and nodded her double-chin, motioning for Jane to continue. "And he just said that women who want a lot of power have penis envy."

Mama emitted an even louder snort that threatened to push Jane's notes off the table.

"You listen here, young lady. I do not have what this Ford person calls penis envy," Mama claimed, waving her knife in the air. "Just because your father is not man enough to rule this family and because I have to, doesn't make me envious of anything. Don't ever let me hear that word again," she added before strutting off to the counter again.

Jane slowly exhaled her breath, thinking it had gone better than she expected. She should have known better than to bring up a psychological theory for discussion with her narrow-minded, power-hungry mother.

Yes, Jane argued silently. You do have penis envy, Mama. You would love to dictate this roost and the rest of the world with your iron hand. Daddy had to give up because he learned long before I was born that things have to be your way or something terrible would happen, Jane complained bitterly in her mind.

Then a small form streaked through the room, brushing Jane's papers off the table. The sheets fluttered in the air before sinking to the floor as Jane's four-year-old brother deliberately shoved the table, causing her glass of juice to spill onto her textbooks.

"J.P.!" Jane cried out, trying to grab the little laughing monster by the collar. But he quickly danced out of her reach and to the protection of his mother. "Mama, he ruined my books!"

"Oh, hush! Must you be a baby? You're nearly 17 years old," Mama chided, hefting J.P. into her stout arms. "And his name is Jonathon Phillip, Jane. Don't call him J.P." Mama turned away as Jane dabbed up the remaining juice that trickled from the glass and leaked onto the notes that dotted the floor.

Jane gritted her teeth. It was no use fighting over what J.P. did. He always won Mama's approval, and because of all the attention she gave him, J.P. believed the world revolved around him. And when he didn't get the attention he wanted, he would pull awful stunts. Jane remembered the sweet yellow canary that they had a couple of months ago, the one that filled the house with charming music until J.P. became jealous of it. He couldn't stand Mama's cooing at the poor bird, so he strangled it one day. Instead of yelling at him, Mama just stored the birdcage in the attic and declared the family would no longer have any more pets.

She probably loves him more because he has a penis, Jane theorized, trying to restrain herself as J.P.'s blond halo of hair and satisfied face peered over Mama's shoulders. He resembled a content cherub in the arms of God.

Jane felt relief swim in her veins when she thought about her science fair project that was safely sitting in its booth at school. She had convinced her teacher to let her construct the small-scale cross-section of the earth's crust, complete with shifting plates, in the lab room instead of at home. If J.P. had seen it, the project would be torn apart faster than he ripped open his birthday presents. Jane trembled at the thought of two months of hard work being demolished by that little fiend. It was too important to her.

"It's time for my pills!" A high-pitched, crackling voice echoed down the hallway, and Jane shut out her terrible thoughts.

"Go help your grandmother," Mama ordered.

Jane clenched her fists and did an about-face on her heel, making her way to her grandma's room at the end of the hall. She pushed at the creaking door that often stuck at the corners, and it swung open with a bang after a hard shove.

"Don't let Theodore out!" her grandma called from her perch high on the large bed covered

with a multitude of mismatched blankets and pillows. Jane just gave a silent smile and decided to humor her senile grandmother as she shut the door behind her. She carefully picked her way through the bric-a-brac that crowded the floor. Outlines of chests, tables and figurines were barely visible in the muted light that escaped past the old drapes hanging from the window. The closed-up room smelled of dust, old dried flowers and age.

Grandma looked like a small kiwi bird lying comfortable propped up against the mountain of pillows, unable to take flight but happily resting in her nest. Most of her grey and white hair was tucked back in what resembled a blue pillbox hat as frizzy corkscrews of hair surrounded her outrageously made-up face. Splashes of red against her pale skin marked her cheekbones, an almost purplish tint covered her lips, and delicate blue veins criss-crossed her eyelids. At her slim neck was a choker of faux pearls and rhinestones, which matched the stones that twinkled at her ears and fingers. However fancy her accessories, she was dressed in a wrinkled green housedress splattered with pink and yellow roses.

"Why, hello, Cee Cee," Grandma giggled, her stunningly bright eyes barely glancing over Jane. She called Jane something different every day.

"It's Jane, Grandma," she corrected, trekking to the cabinet that held massive quantities of vitamins, minerals, bee pollen and other strange concoctions that Grandma swore would make her live longer. The unpleasant smells that rose up from the bottles nearly made Jane gag, and she quickly grabbed a few pills that would satisfy her grandmother.

Grandma just waved away Jane's correction with an impatient hand. "Well, Theodore didn't run off and leave me, Cee Cee," she commented, stroking a ragged patchwork pillow lying on her lap. That was "Theodore," whom Grandma believed to be a loving, faithful cat. Jane poured some water from a cracked flowered pitcher into an even uglier china cup and handed it to her grandmother, along with the pills.

"Yes, yes, yes," Grandma chanted in her scratchy voice, like an old record playing on the ancient phonograph that sat in the corner of the room. "Theodore will never leave his mam. He'll always come home. Do you remember when that scandalous woman from Petersburg came and demanded that Uncle Lawrence give her a room at our boarding house? My, my! Wasn't that awful,"

Grandma continued with her voice reaching new heights. Grandma changed the subject as many times as Mama would flip flapjacks on the grill. It seemed to Jane that Grandma would be quite sane if she would just connect some of those thoughts that went spinning out of control in her tiny head. "My Gawd! What if she's still here!" Grandma gave an ear-splitting cry of shame and anguish.

"No, Grandma. She's gone," Jane consoled, extracting the cup from her grandmother before it ended up a thousand splinters on the floor. After tucking Grandma securely in her bed, Jane made her way back to the

door while Grandma persisted in scratching Theodore's back, softly muttering to herself about bootleggers living in the basement.

"We have to call the prohibition officers, Theodore," Grandma declared as Jane opened the door again, her choker and bracelets rattling while she worked herself up to a fury. "Now, Theodore, stay here or I'll beat the stuffing out of you!"

Jane shut the door tightly behind her on the way out.

Entering the kitchen, she saw a new scene unfold. Mama was hauling J.P. around as she slammed plates and pots down on the cleared table. Steaming food nearly splattered the rubber tablecloth while Mama spun to and fro.

"Mama, I want a cookie," J.P. wailed, his angelic face distorted. He threw his fists at Mama's shoulders. "Now!"

In the middle of her journey to the stove, Mama grabbed two cookies, sat J.P. on a stool, and shoved them in his hands. J.P. shot Jane a look daring her to complain about his pre-dinner dessert, but she didn't have the desire nor the time.

"Jane, stop dallying and get the potatoes ready," Mama commanded. "I swear that man is never on time. If I didn't whip him up every morning, he'd never make it to work. Now he has trouble just getting home."

Right when the last word was uttered, a tall, thin man dressed in mechanic's overalls, streaked with the footprints of oil, grease and grime, stepped under the entryway wearily. It was Daddy.

"It's about time you showed up, Benjamin," Mama complained.

"We had trouble with our last car," he offered as explanation, his voice conveying very little firmness. He knew the exact moment he had to walk through the door to prevent his wife's tantrums, and he knew he had fortunately missed an outburst by a few precious seconds. Daddy methodically set his black metal lunchbox down next to the sink and removed the stubborn



Brian Meyers

BEST FRIENDS

cont. from page 2

face would harden, like a clay statue drying in the sun.

Maybe Lorine was attracted to Roxie's defiant, uncontrolled ideas, ideas that usually got them in trouble if they were caught. One day, Roxie and Lorine were sitting on a huge boulder that decorated the edge of Roxie's driveway. The sun was baking their young bodies and dragonflies from the pond next door buzzed about their faces as they watched the mud-splattered trucks and cars roar along the dirt road. The pillars of dust that rise behind the vehicles rolled over the yard and invaded their lungs, leaving the girls in fits of coughing.

"Fuck, I hate this. Those people think they can tear through here," Roxie managed to sputter out, her voice hoarse. She jumped down from the boulder and began gathering stones from the driveway.

"What's that mean?" Lorine asked, watching Roxie bend down for a rock, weighing it in her hand. She threw it down and picked up a larger one.

"What's what mean?" she mumbled out.

"What's fuck mean?" Lorine repeated, nonchalantly. Roxie's head shot up, her face a mixture of shock and amusement.

"Why, Lorine Scott! You better watch your language!" Roxie roared out, laughing so hard tears were forming. Lorine had said her first cuss word. Roxie climbed up next to her on the boulder, divided her store of ammunition and shoved half into Lorine's hands. "Don't ever say that in front of your mother!"

Lorine had a strange sensation of exhilaration when she learned what she had said was bad. She was being bad! And she liked it. "Teach me more," Lorine demanded. It was them against the world. Roxie grinned and proceeded to go down her long list of sayings as each car passed.

Suddenly, interfering with Roxie's lesson, was the sound of brakes squealing and tires skidding on the road. In one short rush, Roxie took off running the house, dragging Lorine tried to keep up with the patter of Roxie's feet on the gravel, her eyes trained on the blur of blue sneakers and flying dust.

"Wow! Wasn't that great?" she questioned, rolling over on her back, her arms stretched above her head. She eyed Lorine's heaving chest and bewildered look.

"What did we do?" Lorine breathed weakly, afraid her knees were going to buckle, afraid something terrible was going to happen. Roxie just laughed and pulled her down on the bed.

"We were having fun," came the answer.

As they grew older, it got worse. Worse for Lorine. Better for Roxie. First came drinking creme de menthe from her stepdad's liquor stashed under the china cabinet. Then came smoking cigarettes in Lorine's basement fireplace, only they had forgotten to open the flue. It was a thrilling and exciting nightmare for Lorine, but a nightmare, nonetheless.

The night before they were to start high school, Roxie led Lorine to her neighbor's barn for a couple of drags. Lorine hesitated, remembering her parents' lecture after she had come home with her clothes reeking of tobacco. Knowing Roxie would just look at Lorine with a bored expression if she protested, she followed her silently through the field, the green soybean plants swallowing their shoes and erasing their trail behind them. Crooked rows of earth paved the way, and the soft rustles of the broad veiny leaves and the distant song of the locusts were the only sounds.

Lorine could only keep track of Roxie's movements by watching the glowing cigarette butt float in the increasing darkness. "I never told you this, but you're my best friend," began Roxie, her voice vibrating in the large barn. "I know I can treat you pretty bad, but you always bounce back."

Lorine remained silent, studying the way her cigarette end grew brighter when she moved it, the grey ashes falling away from the red core. She knew Roxie would never say the words, "I'm sorry." And she was tired of waiting.

"I'm leaving," Lorine said, throwing the cigarette down. She got up, not bothering to wait for Roxie to finish hers. Leaping down, Lorine brushed the dust off her shirt as she heard the rubbing of Roxie's jeans against the hay as she slid off the pile. But the crackling noise lasted longer than usual, and Lorine turned suspicious. Roxie stood silhouetted against a reddish glow that seemed to spread around her. Flames had started to lick the dry hay where they had been sitting seconds before.

Before Lorine could react, Roxie tackled her to the ground,

where Roxie locked her arms around Lorine.

"Did you think you could just walk out of here?" Roxie asked, her voice low and her breath warm against Lorine's cheek. Roxie emitted a harsh sound, a half laugh and half curse that sent goosebumps running along Lorine's arms. "I know you've been trying to get away from me. Lorine, but it's not going to be easy. I've become a part of you now, something that will always be there."

Roxie mockingly sealed her warning with a kiss against Lorine's lips as she entangled her fingers in Lorine's disheveled hair, forcing Lorine to stay locked against Roxie's mouth.

Almost against Lorine's will, a sudden warmth began to spread along her limbs, strangely elevating the shivers that raced through her muscles. Lorine found herself responding as her mind feebly issued little warning signs.

This isn't right, it said. But was anything Lorine did ever right, another side questioned. The sounds of the fire crackling traveled through the muddled thoughts, and Lorine suddenly became aware of the growing heat and danger. She struggled within Roxie's grasp, her whispered protests ignored, and finally broke away as the fire was gaining momentum.

The flames were soon racing up the posts and across the rafters. The snapping of the old boards giving away to the intense heat and the groaning of the unsteady frame propelled Lorine to grab Roxie's arm, pulling her up from dusty floor. They ran out of the barn, smoke billowing out behind them.

And they ran until they were far up the field. There they witnessed the foundations collapse, listened to the loud shoosh of the hot air being sucked into the flames, creating a radiant spray of embers. And Lorine cried, Her hands presses across her eyes in shame as she fell into the sweet-smelling cover of soybeans and earth.

What had they done? Lorine felt a weight lifted from her body, and she opened her eyes to see David holding Robby in his arms. Taking his outstretched hand, Lorine pulled herself up and embraced both of them. She was suddenly scared, the fear making her chest tight with anxiety and her eyes swept over the room, magnifying the dying shadows of the firelight. Were there really ghosts, like Robby said? Looking over David's reassuring shoulder, she could see the shadow of Roxie's figure dancing near the fire. And then it was gone.

PENIS ENVY

cont. from page 6

streaks on his hands. Minutes later, the four of them settled themselves at the table. "Benjamin, you have to fix the brakes on the car tonight. They've been making annoying squeaking sounds. I'm going to the store tomorrow so you have to do it tonight, hear?" Mama said, shoveling mounds of food on J.P.'s and her own plate.

"Yes, I hear," Daddy answered.

"Don't forget it."

"I won't."

"I don't wanna eat that!" J.P. held his nose and pointed at his steamed vegetables.

"Now, Jonathon Phillip, go ahead and try it. You're a good boy," Mama tried to persuade.

"No, I'm not good! I'm happy!"

It was later that evening, long after Grandma had been fed, the dishes done and the table cleared, when Jane found herself alone in her room.

Jane's room had no door, just an open gap and two hinges hanging on the doorframe. She couldn't remember the reason the door was taken down, it just was. And Jane always had trouble separating herself from her family because of that nonexistent door.

Draping a flimsy sheet over the doorway, she changed clothes in the light of a single lamp in the corner. It didn't bother Jane to think that someone might barge into her room; Mama, however, had strict ideas that all ladies change in the dark.

She probably doesn't want to look down and realize she doesn't even have a penis, Jane snickered in her head. To her, penis envy meant wishing for the impossible, and her whole family seemed to suffer from it. Her mother wanted to run everyone's life. Her brother wanted to be the center of all attention. Jane shuddered when she realized that J.P. was to

start school next year. What was he going to do if the teachers didn't pay enough attention to him? Strangle his classmates? And her father wanted to escape Mama's constant wrath, and Grandma wanted to go back to the past.

Jane eased herself in between the cold sheets, rubbing her legs quickly against the fabric to warm a spot or two. I'm the only one who's not crazy, Jane reminded herself. Once I get out of this asylum, I'll lead a normal, happy life. And she knew she would get out. The science fair offered \$100 as first place, and the results were going to be announced tomorrow. A hundred dollars, Jane mused, as a thousand possibilities loomed in her head. She would win, she knew, and when she did, she'd say good-bye to this strange way of living. Jane fell asleep with a smile on her face.

The next day came disaster.

Jane came home, biting her bottom lip to prevent tears from streaking down her face. She had won third place, and all she had to show for it was a certificate of participation and a hardback edition of What the World is Really Made Of. Daddy, having the day off, sat in the old easychair with his long, denim-encased legs stretched out before him and the paper pulled up in front of his eyes. He didn't seem to notice Jane's stifled sobs as she began making dinner, using the long list of explicit directions Mama left.

Nobody cares, Jane thought, wiping her runny nose with the back of her hand. Mama, taking J.P. with her, had gone to the city to shop for groceries and clothes. Jane had just finished her mourning and was sliding a casserole into the oven's heated grasp when a loud commotion burst through the front door.

"You tried to kill me, you bastard!" Mama's angry vibes shook the house. Jane ran from the kitchen into the living room.

There Mama stood, a magnificent, thunderous figure towering above Daddy, who still sat in the chair, too terrified to do anything but breathe.

"I tell you, he tried to kill me," Mama raged.

"Mama, please," Jane began, "Try to calm down." But Jane's feeble sounds could barely carry above Mama's shouting

and J.P.'s loud whimpers, where he laid in a little crumpled heap at Mama's feet. As far as Jane could tell, J.P. was in perfect condition aside from the fact Mama had something other than him on her mind.

Mama suddenly turned on Jane. "I was in a wreck today! A wreck, I say, because the brakes wouldn't work," she bellowed. "All because he forgot to fix them!" Mama swung purse one last time at Daddy's head, the impact causing its contents to scatter across the floor, before stomping out of the room.

Silence crept into the room with Mama's departure, like a hand reaching over a victim's mouth to prevent any verbal struggles. J.P.'s whimpers gradually ended with an occasional hiccup, as he looked dejectedly past the door Mama left through, and Jane's thumping heart returned to a soft, steady beat.

"What in Lord's name is going on out there?" Grandma yelled out from her room. No one answered.

Jane walked in a daze down the hall, ducking under the sheet that she had left up in her room. As her body brushed against the fabric, the curtain tumbled down and she collapsed with it. Daddy did it on purpose, she knew. It was a desperate attempt to break away. And it failed.

And I'll never escape either, she reasoned. Strangely, it reminded her of Theodore. I'm Theodore; I don't really exist in this family, but I can never leave.

There might be a way out, Jane speculated. She pictured herself standing in front of her grandmother's medicine cabinet. She would reach for an unknown bottle and, with water from the pitcher, would swallow all the pills. She could see Mama towering over her lifeless body, with J.P. yanking on mam's sleeve and Daddy, fists stuck helplessly in his pockets, lurking in her shadow.

"I told that girl never to take Grandma's pills. Now look at her," Mama would spit out.

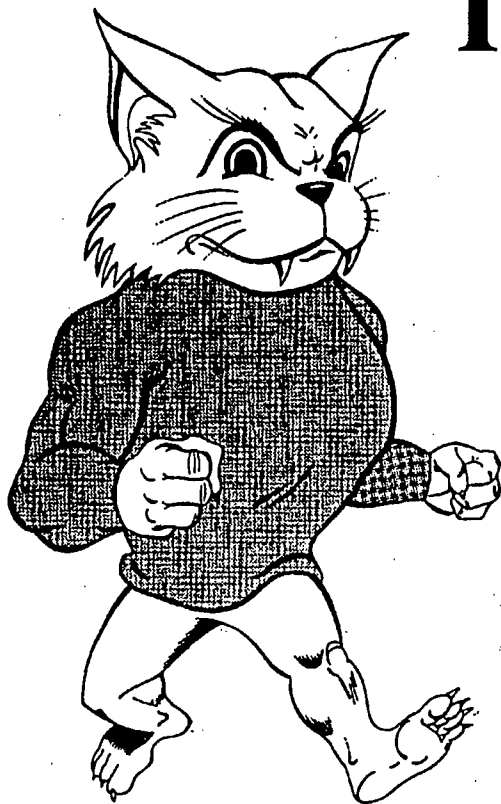
"Can I have her room?" J.P. would plead. Daddy shrugs his shoulders and slide into the darkness.

Grandma, in that piercing voice of hers, would sing, "Don't let Theodore out! Don't let Theodore out!"

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